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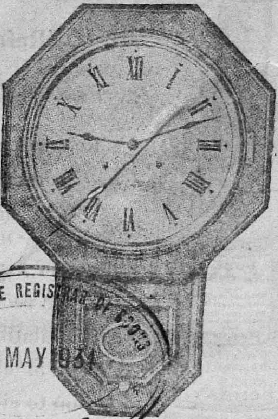

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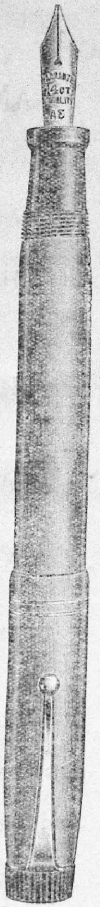

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Sabarmati Ashram.*

4. THE IDEAL AND THE ROAD

THE Ashram was born from parents, as all of us are born. These were the memory of Gandhiji's successful Ashram in South Africa, and the yet enduring need for real devotees to the Nation's cause in India. It was the same nurse who ushered both into the world; he nurtured them, and inspired them with a similar ideal.

For Ages India has had her Ashrams. The word recalls a leafy shelter in the cool and silent forests where a Sage led students to the "Science of Peace," the knowledge of the One Self in all. Called from the world of feverish self-seeking, they were wisely, slowly guided into their Master's world, seeking the Higher Self through study and control of their own natures, till they could truly serve the world of men.

Ages pass, but the eternal laws and needs remain unchanged, Still to-day, as of old, is it true that one who does not know his own Self can give no real help to any other; blind, he leads his brother to the ditch. Still it is true that one who would give efficient service to the world, or to his own people, must first control himself and seek the Centre, the Heart of the World. Only the *Atmavidyarthi* can truly be a patriot.

And so, when he sought a band of real *deshabhaktas*, Gandhiji made an Ashram. Being a Gujerati, whose language he knows best of all, he chose Ahmedabad, the biggest city and a centre of the cotton mills. Being a wise man, a Hindu of the Hindus, and

* See January, February and March issues for the earlier parts of this series.

in the truly scriptural sense, a Brahman, he founded it upon the one Foundation that can never fail, the search for Brahm (*Brahmacharya*) and devotion to the Truth.

In trying to describe the ideals of the Ashram, I feel that, even with the help of Bapu's books, I am over-bold. They are almost beyond our understanding and are still far beyond our reach; even to speak of them must sound hypocritical. Yet without speech, how can we share the thoughts that have inspired us, even a little, with another? These ideals come from Ancient India, treasured in those *Upanishads* our fathers, being in their heady youth enflamed with thoughtless imitation of the West, so nearly flung away before the Orientalists as pearls to swine. The ideal is old,—it comes to us from nameless Sages of the past; the glory of trying to realise it once again in Sabarmati, that is Gandhi's own.

The Ashramite stands erect, his face towards the dawn whence comes the Sun of Righteousness, his hands outspread in service of his brother, his feet planted firmly on the rock of faithfulness. Five limbs has he, and five principles inspire and guide his life. *Truth* leads his mind and so his actions; his heart is *Love*, sending everywhere a stream of true affection; *Courage* is his right arm, and *Control* his left; his legs are *Brotherliness* and *Honesty*. We cannot separate his mind and heart, for "God is Love," and "Truth is God". As Gandhiji himself has said, they are like two sides of a single coin.

TRUTH. As mind makes the man, so Truth the Ashramite. It is as he clings to Truth that he fulfils all other vows, observances. The Ashram's very name, "*Satyagraha*," reminds us of this, and indeed, in it are all the other virtues that we see. *Sat* (Truth, or Being), so we are told, is a name of God in whom alone are Peace and Wisdom. So Bapu thinks the real seeker after Truth needs nothing more, for of him who finds it is truly said "all things are added unto" him. Knowledge that does not lead us to the Real Truth is useless, evil knowledge. Families, riches, hobbies, which distract our search for that, are truly inner foes, and the devotee will have to break them off. Great courage is required for this, the courage of the Puranic heroes, Prahlad and Harishchandra. But great joy and peace, the only real joy and peace, are in that path.

And as the sane are guided in all they think and do by the divine Thinker in the mind, so the real Ashramite will judge all things by the one Touchstone that he has, his own vision of the Truth. Partial and hazy it is, must be, while his eyes are veiled in flesh, but it is his only Guide to God. Bravely following that,

" doing right, whatever comes of it," ceaselessly comparing himself with that inner standard, he will have no fear of wandering astray. The devotee comes always to his Lord, and he who cleaves to Truth already is Its own.

In his letters from Gaol to the Ashram, which became a sort of Testament to most of us, Gandhi does not try to hide that this is the path he loves, to which he calls his Ashram inmates. He is indeed a devotee of Truth, his life has shown it ; and those who with him strive ceaselessly to gain Its beatific vision, they alone are Ashramites.

LOVE. Truth in the mind, and love in the heart. " Perfect love casteth out fear " as the Christian says, and so the path of Truth, the way to God, cannot be trod without it.

In Bapu's mind, *Ahimsa* means more than passive harmlessness ; it means active, loving service. It means sympathy and gentleness, courtesy and patience with others' evil-doing, and tact to win them to a nobler way. Unkind thoughts, gossip, haste, all desire of punishment, thoughts of superiority in caste or creed or race, all distinctions and unfair advantages, carnal passions and retention of more than the individual needs—all offend the spirit of that Love.

Non-violence is, of course, implicit in the word ; cruelty of every kind is impossible to a real Ashramite. He will not even use his strength to forcibly restrain a thief or murderer. Having no fear, but perfect love for and faith in God, he will look to Him to guard what should be guarded ; his own duty he will take as the persuasion, in every kindly way, of the aggressor. Then not only will his harmlessness dispel all harmful thoughts and deeds, it will help to win the cruel into kindness.

He who does not trouble to defend himself or what is his, knowing all are God's, will have the only true humility. " Not I, but Christ in me " is a Christian saying paralleled a thousand times in other Scriptures. The lover of the world of men already is a part of Him who is the Soul of men, a knower of the Truth. He wields the greatest power in the world ; to him is opened every door.

CONTROL. All Faiths have taught one-pointedness in search of God, for He is veiled from those who seek with one eye while the other turns towards the flesh. So Gandhiji has wisely set this as a major principle. The arm so often used in human embrace will mean for us control of bodily desires. We need it greatly, if we would follow Love or Truth. If we narrow down our love to one, or to a little group, how can we truly love or serve the world ? If we cannot rule the body which we wear, how can we truly guide another man ?

So all the senses must be taught to know their lord, and only tell the mind what serves the search for Truth. The eyes, ears, hands, tongue and palate must be servants; if one of these has turned to fleshly things, the other organs soon will follow in their steps.

Hardest of all, in Bapu's experience, is the training of the palate, so he has made it a separate observance in the Ashram Rules. So perverted are our tastes that we saturate our food with artificial flavours and lose that made by God. Food is to be taken as we take a medicine,—careless if its taste be "nice" or "nasty," and in the quantity required for health If we take in excess, that is stealing; if too little, then also we harm the body given us for service, and so we rob the world.

HONESTY, or Non-Stealing, in a sense far wider than is generally understood. The Ashram Rules make Non-Possession into a separate vow, but Bapu in his letters shows that holding what is not strictly needed is also theft. There are two main kinds of stealing, inner and outer; the one leads to the other. What we wrongfully desire to-day, to-morrow we shall take, may be with violence.

The Ashramite takes not a grain of salt from the store of which he is part owner, unless he needs it, and then he takes it openly. If he finds anything unclaimed, he gives it up at once to the Manager, who hands it to the police if it is not the Ashram's property. Nor does he hold an hour beyond the time what he has borrowed. Refusing to hoard even a grain of rice or paper slip, he steadily reduces his needs towards the ideal of full *sannyasa*. As a true *Digambara*, he prepares to step ever further into the Light. Even the very thought and desire of possessions he leaves behind, for these would surely drag him back into the snare. To-day he finds no need for what was needed yesterday, and so he lets it go. If it has no real place with him, another needs it from whom he would not steal.

If all were Ashramites in this world of ours, the politicians and the lawyers all would starve, for they grow fat on the exploiters and exploited, their rivalries and discontents. The man who gathers wealth he cannot use is the cause of robbery and revolution; the same is true of nations. Collecting useless fat upon the body, facts within the brain, which we deceive ourselves are beauty, knowledge,—this too is theft, for we have stolen time or food in gathering them. Our whole "education" is based upon such theft, and worthily we educate our children for a "civilisation" founded on the same.

Sure that God will give from day to day whatever we may really need, trusting in His wisdom and power, the real Ashramite

fears nothing, "takes no thought for the morrow". Robbing none, owing none, accepting from all that he may give to all, he can look the whole world in the face with the frank comradeship of brotherhood.

BROTHERLINESS —The perfect Ashramite steals nothing from the world, and so gives an honest return, according to his powers and inner nature (*dharma*), for all that he receives. The social duties he will scrupulously perform, providing, like Vivekananda, for his dependents before seeking his own needs. Thus he will help the poor of India by using only *Khaddar*[1] cloth and Swadeshi goods, not in hatred of the far but in love for those at his very door.

He takes no food unearned by labour for the good of others. So, following the *Gita*,[2] Ruskin[3] and Tolstoy, Gandhi made the Ashram vow of "Bread Labour". He cannot hide his own preference for the farm, but he admits that we cannot all share in one toil, the other trades are also needed. He who daily does some manual work, be it what it may, can never wholly grow apart from the masses of the poor. A great evil in our so-called education is that it corrupts the villager into that most pitiful of sights, a man too proud to labour with his hands and crowded from the mental occupations. The one manual toil that all should offer as a sacrifice to Food is the Scavenger's holy work. We who befoul the world with the refuse of our own bodies must surely cleanse it by the labour of our own hands.

This leads us to that vow against "untouchability" that is inherent in the *Gita*[4]. All of us are made untouchable at times, and when we harbour evil thoughts, become "unapproachable" to the real Brahman. But none can be untouchable by birth or by inherent nature, for all have come from God, as every Creed declares. Gandhiji has rightly called so cruel a heresy as untouchability "rank irreligion, fit only to be destroyed." It is a great tyranny whose guilt lies on us all, for the like exists all over

1 *From Yeravda Mandir*, translated by Valjibhai Govindji Desai, Ahmedabad, at annas two, to which the reader is referred for Gandhiji's own views about the Ashram vows. This translation has been carefully edited by the Mahatma himself, whereas he is not responsible for my ideas. Yet without his book I could not have understood even what I have written here.

2. *Gita* III, 12, 13. "A thief verily is he who enjoyeth what is given by Them without returning Them aught......The impious, who dress food for their own sakes, they verily eat sin."

3. In *Unto this Last*, studied by Gandhiji while in South Africa.

4. *Gita* V, 18 and VI, 31, 32. "Sages look equally on a Brahmana adorned with learning and humility......and even a dog and an outcaste. He who, established in unity, worshippeth Me, abiding in all beings, that Yogi liveth in Me, whatever his mode of living. He who......seeth equality in everything......, he is considered a perfect Yogi."

the world, in other forms; everywhere the strong exploit the weak and poor. We cannot claim the right to serve these whom we have so long defrauded of all the best life has to give; if we would help them, we can only come as suppliants and serve where they allow. If love is truly in our hearts, they will feel that note of unity, and respond. Fraternising will break down every artificial barrier our foolish pride has raised, imprisoning our love in iron walls. Then all the problems of which we think so much, of cleanliness and education, of votes and weightage, will fade away as the illusions that they really are. Only the One in all is real, and That alone we seek.

So too with thought and other Faiths. As no man, inherently, is untouchable, so is not one of the great Religions. All are true, in part. All come from the one Source of Truth that is God, or the *Rishi-Sangh*. Each is the best for its own children, who are sent to learn from it, as at a mother's lap, what they can learn to-day. All are reflections of the one light of Truth, or Spirit, in our sea of Illusion, Matter, and all alike are distorted by the waves of man's imagining. By joyfully sharing with, learning what we can from, all, we do not become less worthy to know and love our own. Rather our own vision is enriched by glimpses we may catch of Truth from another's angle. Then such dark and loathsome nightmares as the bickerings for communal advantage, unchaining lust and murder in the riots here and there, will die like dreams. There is no room for communal advantage in the comradeship that alone can heal the wounds of India and give her all she needs for peace.

COURAGE—And lastly Fearlessness, the strong right hand protecting by its manly efforts. He who has Love for Truth, he who views all equally as brothers, he who controls himself and gives to all his due, of what can he become afraid? He who hates none can have no foe, even among the lower animals or powers of nature. His body itself he knows is not truly his, but entrusted to his care, so death, sickness, wounds, for him can have no terror. Loving all the world, not just a few, bereavement and loss of wealth can never shake his peace. Even what men know as honour and repute cannot hold him from the path he treads. All alike he leaves behind him, knowing that what is needed for his work will follow him unsought; his whole mind and heart being given to the Real, he has no time or thought for any other feeling. Calm and steady purpose, unshaken by the winds of joy and sorrow, leads him swiftly on his homeward way. Such a one indeed can suffer all, lovingly, in the service of mankind or of his country; such a one is a patriot indeed.

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The Ashramite,—what more, then, need be said? In the fullest, truest, sense he is *Mahatma, Jivanmukta*. The Ideal set before us in the Ashram is so high, the human soul shrinks from contemplating it. Only the divine Ruler that dwells within can compass it, in time, if we give our aid; it already is the pattern of His own eternal life.

How many of us, ordinary Ashram inmates, came near to that Ideal? Perhaps none. Yet many strove towards it; their earnest, constant efforts Gandhiji regarded as fulfilment of their vows. It was that atmosphere of constant inner striving, that eager tenseness, which made the Ashram what it was, gave it the strength to do what it has done.

I cannot tell the tale of how it grew or all that it achieved. That history will be truly written when the days of struggle go and India can write the story of her liberation. In these many years, hundreds of national workers have gone forth again after an Ashram stay, inspired, invigorated with a new ideal of service. Great organizations have arisen, Athene-like fully armed to fight with poverty, from the Ashram's bosom,—the All-India Spinners' Association, the *Harijan Seva Sangh*, and not the least among them, the energetic Congress Movement of the last few years.

In no land has a political movement been so rapidly transformed from selfishness to true devotion as here in India; nowhere have apathetic masses been so inspired to unresenting sacrifice as here. And it is Gandhiji who has done it, through the ideal he has given to his Ashram. That Ideal has been taken as a goal by countless millions outside who revere our "Bapu" as an Avatar, and some at least of it has entered wholly in their lives. Could we have truly lived by that Ideal, India had been free from all her woes by now. If we could live by it to-day henceforward, India would soon be free from all that would degrade or cripple her.

It is a challenge he has given to more than India, to all the world. Who will be an Ashramite and guide the world to the Wise Peace that dwells in Truth and Righteousness? For such a one the world is waiting in its need.

Essential Unity of Hinduism and Islam.

BY SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA

IT is an irony of fate that India, the proverbial home of harmony, has now turned into a chaos of communal confusion. The menace of this internecine communalism is sucking the very life-blood of our nation, and it is, therefore, the worst stumbling-block to National Unity. This communal canker is neither wholly economic nor political, as it is widely supposed to be. It is partly, if not fully, at any rate, religious. Indian problems have never been so shallow or superficial as we are generally inclined to think, unlike those of other countries. There are problems in our country which neither we, the modern reformers, nor our Western Gurus can grasp the meaning of, much less solve. The social and political aspects of this problem have of late been maximised by the foreigners, who are also actually their originators. Hence any other solution, save the religious, will necessarily be partial and temporary. Religion is the soul of India, and so the radical solution of her problems can only be in and through religion. This is evident to some extent from the fact that Mahatmaji's unique success as the undisputed leader of the nation is not because of his statesmanship but arises from his religiousness.

As regards the religious solution of this obstinate problem Sri Ramakrishna's contribution is beyond compare. He realised from his personal spiritual experiences (not at all from intellectual eclecticism) the essential identity of Hinduism and Islam. He was ceremonially initiated into the spiritual disciplines of Islam, and after systematic practice was blessed with the supreme vision, the expository contents of which will be detailed in the following paragraphs. Perhaps no Hindu Saint till now has done so much to cement the unity of Hinduism and Islam as he. Before him Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the illustrious father of modern India, tried his level best to effect Hindu-Muslim unity in various ways. The dream of Akbar, the Great, was to harmonise Islam with Hinduism, but even that Imperial attempt was confined to the four walls of his palace.

The *Koran* and the *Gita*, Mahomed and Krishna preach the same truth only in different ways. Indeed, only the names and the words differ but the ideas meant are the same in both. There is a wonderful unity underlying Islam and Hinduism.

'Alla ho Akbar' literally means Mahadeva or Parameswara, or the great God, for Akbar, Maha and Parama all mean great and, Allah, Deva and Iswara mean God. Sanatan or Vedic Dharma etymologically has almost the same significations as Islam or Mazhab, which means peaceful acceptance of God or the Path of Righteousness. We are like children or rather monkeys wrangling tooth and nail over the basket, though the fruits in the meantime have fallen in the ditch. We are fighting over the externals, which are the dry husks of religion overlooking in tragic ignorance the essentials, the principles which are the heart of religion. This elemental fact has to be taken to heart, especially by Hindus and Muslims in India, that our religions are one in essentials. Mohamed has said: "There are as many paths to God as there are souls." Krishna also has said: "All Paths lead to Me." Let us practise in our everyday life "Unity in essentials, in principles, in great things, liberty in non-essentials, details, small and superficial things, and charity in all things."

Now we shall show some points of agreement between Hinduism and Islam as proved by the spiritual experience of Sri Ramakrishna.

Both the religions believe in the all-permeating duality signified pre-eminently by the very names given to God in opposed pair. God is Al-Awwal and Al-Akhir, Adi and Anta; Al-Batin and Az-Zahir, Avyakta and Vyakta. He is Al-Badi and Al-Jami, Srasta and Samharta; Al-Muhiyya and Al-Mumit, Bhava and Hara. He is Al-Muzil and Al-Hadi, Mayi and Tarak; Al-Qahhar and Al-Razzaq, Rudra and Siva. He is Al-Ghazzal and Al-Ghaffar, Yama and Kshamavan; Al-Jabbar and Al-Karim, Ghora and Dayalu; Al-Jalil and Al-Jamil, Shasra and Sundara. The promulgators of both the religions give us clear assurances of the essential agreement and declare that truth is universal and not the monopoly of any religion or preacher. As Sri Krishna said about the teaching of the *Gita*, so Mahomed says in no uncertain terms that the teachin of the Holy *Koran* is to be found in ancient seers' writings also. Prophets have been sent to every race that they may teach the same truth in the local tongue according to time, place and circumstance, and the disagreement between them is only apparent and outward. The founders of religions have spoken the self-same truth in different tongues and are not so much innovators as continuators, and hence different scriptures are different interpretations of the same truth and as such so many religions are so many facets of God.

The Arabic-Persian word Insan and the Sanskrit word Arya both mean gentleman or a friend of all. Man in essence is one

with God. Along the path of Pravrithi, Quasi-nazul, God has forgotten himself into man, and so along the path of Nivritti or Quasi Uruj man should remember himself into God again. Jiva is the denial of Brahman. Khudi is the imaged reversal of Khuda. *Demon est deus inversus.* Satan is God inverted. Mohamed has also said : " Man, Thou hast to go back into God " for " God is our Home". Man is the reflection of God. Finite is the negation of the infinite. God has super-imposed upon its true Ayniyati haqiqi, Shuddha Swabhava, an illusive Ghairiyati etabari or mithyaitarata to become man, and so man is nothing but ' particularised God '. Never-changing Creator's ever-changing creation is His garment. Sristi is the tinsel imitation of the Shrasta. The world is the forgetfulness of God. The Hindu Mahavakya and Muslim Kalema are of two kinds to suit the younger and the superior minds. The well-known Sufi exclamations, Anal-Hoq, Haq-tui etc. are exact equivalents of the Upanishadic utterances, *Tat Twam Asi, Aham Brahmasmi,* etc. Another important link between these two great religions is the doctrine of re-birth and karma. There are texts in the *Koran* and the *Masnawi* (considered to be the second Koran) which may be interpreted as meaning the same. Moulana Rum says: " Like grass have I grown over and over again ; seven hundred seventy bodies have I seen." Sufis generally believe in ' rijat ' or re-birth and vitiqa or ascent. Thus re-incarnation as man is called by them naskh, as animal is maskh : as vegetable is faskh and as mineral is raskh. Everybody knows that karma is the core of Hinduism. Like the Swargas, Narakas, Lokas, Bhuvanas, and other worlds and planes of being in Hinduism, Islam has jannats, jahannums, bahishts, dozakhs, arshes, ards, lauhas and tabaqas etc. Devas, Upadevas, Yakshsas and Pishachas of the former correspond with farishtas, matayak, paris and jinnats of the latter.

Hindu yoga and Muslim suluk have maqamat or bhumis and recognise three sheaths of man—as sthula, sukshma and Karana. Taswwaf uses the words nafs, ruh, nafsinatiqa or nafs, dil, ruh. Corresponding to these microcosmic bodies of man Sufis recognise three macrocosmic correspondents, such as jismikul, ruhikul and aqlikul. A long line of spiritual hierarchy is common to both. Islam knows them as Qutabs, Ghauses, Watads, Badals, Wahis, Nabis and Rasuls, and Hinduism as Avatars, Rishis, Munis etc. The goal of life is to attain Nirvan or Fanafillah, moksha or najat, and the bliss or *Anandan* enjoyed in that state of beatitude is called Sururi-jawedani or lazzat ul-ilahiya by Islam. Hindu 'Aum' and Muslim 'Amen,' it may be noted here in passing, are exactly the same word, both meaning "Be it so". Both prescribe expiation to the sinners and that is: in three steps apaschyattap, prakhyapana,

and prayaschitta or nadim, etaraf and kaffar. Both enjoin discriminate charity, dana or zakat. Both call their scriptures by names having the same significance, such as Brahmavakya or Kallanullah. Both believe in a four-fold source of religious law: Quran or Shruti, hadis or smriti, Ijma or Sadachara, Quyas or Atmatushti. Waters of the Zamzam are as holy to Muslims as are the waters of the Ganges to the Hindus. Like the Hindus, the Muslims go on Haj pilgrimages to kiss the Holy stones, the Hazrulaswad and Hazrul-yaman inside the kaba and make tawaf or parikrama of the temple.

The worship of the ideal Mother and Babe is common to both. Fatima and Hasan-Husani are as prominent in Islam as Yasoda and Krishna in Hinduism in this espect. Both have Manjud or Kathakatha, Duldul and Tazia, Moharrum and Pitripaksha, Ekadasi and Ramzan. Samskaras and sunnats, tasbih and mala, Japa and azker, roza and fast, jagaran and shah-bederi, Tarki-hariwanat and mamsavarjana, nafskushi and Atmatyaga, tawiz and yantra are accepted by both. Both call their places of worship in the same way, Devalaya or Baitullah (masjid), and build them with heavenward-aspiring Shikhara or munora, Kalasa or taarum, gopura or gumbad. Both have calls to prayer, azan or ghanta and offer puja or fatiha at chehlum or shradha for the dead. Both believe in special spiritual relationships of guru-sishya or pir-murid and use Asana or sajjad during Sandhya-upasana or namaz. Pandas or mullas, pujaris or khalifa, sannyasins or fakirs, sadhus or darveshas, maths or darghas, ashrams or takiyas, Sampradayas or firqas are common to Hinduism and Islam.

According to the three-fold aspects of the human mind both the religions have three-fold nature but have the self-same goal, i.e., the attainment of Veda or Haqiqat. Jnana or marifat. According to jnana, Ichcha and kriya or ilm khwahish, fail or a'rf, irada, a'mal we find indicated in terms of psyhotogical science three paths of spiritual practice, Jnana Yoga, Bhakti Yoga and Karma Yoga. Generally corresponding to these are the Haqiqat or Aqyad, the Tariqat or Ibadat and the Sharirat or mamilat of Islam. Corresponding to Dvaita, Visisthadvaita and Advaita of Hinduism Islam has Ijadya, shuhudiya and wajadiya. So the Sufis mark the three stages in spiritual evolution: (1) Hama az ust i.e., all is made by Him or la ma'budah ill Hu, i.e., none is to be adored but He. (2) Ham andor ust, i.e., All is in Him or lamashhuda illahu or none is to be realised but He. (3) Hama ust i.e., All is He or la manjudah illah Hu or none is but He.

The Sufi monists like the Hindu Advaitists believe that Jagat or Jahan is asat or a'dam, lila or lahw, maya or tasalluf, marichika

or sarab. It is naswara or hadisun, swapna or satila. The Sufis and Sannyasins practise the same Sadhanas, i.e., by the apavad of all Adhyaropa, taziah of all tashbih by negation of all particularities, neti or isqat-ul-isharat, not this, not this. And their exaltations or Shuttalinyat have close similarity. Ashtavakra said, "Aho Aham Namo mahyam," and long after Bayazid Bustami reechoed him, 'Subhani ma azama Shani' 'How wonderful am I, salutations unto me. How great is my glory.' The sayings of Vedanta and Tasawwaf are so similar as to be almost indistinguishable when translated into a third language. Both teach God or Allah, is Advitiya or lasani. He is Aham or Ahad, Shuddha or Zati sadij, Nirguna or Zatimut laq, Nirvishesha or munqata ulishrat, Niravachchinnav or labasharti shai. I am He, Soham, Anal-Haq.

Though He is Nirguna or Zatila sifat He has gunas or sifat. He is both personal and impersonal. He is Trinity in unity As in Vedanta the triple attributes of God, i.e., Sat-Chit-Anand is summed up in chaitanyam, so in Tasawwuf they are called Wujud shuhud and Ilm, summed up in nar or Nuriqahir. Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu, the three aspects of God, are known in Islam as Al-Malik, Ar-Razzaq and Al-Alim. As Hinduism has Sahasranama of a god or goddess so Islam has a hundred holy names of Allah. Both recognise Ishqi Haqiqi or Bhagavat Bhakti or God-love. As Hinduism distinguishes between Para Vidya and Apara Vidya, so also Islam between Ilmisina and Ilmisafina for ahlidil or men of heart and ahli-daul or the younger souls respectively. Sadharan Jnana or Wajdani and Yoga-Jnana or istidlali are differentiated by both. Like the Hindu prophets, the great prophet of Islam exhorted the renunciation of three Eshanas of Loka, Vitta and Putra or (Zar, Zamin and Zan. Corresponding to the states of jagrat, swapna and susupti and the planes of Bhuh Bhuvah and Swah in Hinduism, there are, in Islam, Alami Sahada or nasut, Alami Mishal or Malakut, Alami Jabarat etc.; sub-divisions also are distinguished. The Sufis speak of nafsi ammara, nafsi lawwama, nafsi mutmainna, nafsi mulhima, nafsi rahamani etc. They may be said to be lower and higher states of the soul in a sense, and in another, to correspond broadly to the five koshas of Vedanta. The Ativahika and Adhibhautika sariras of Vedanta correspond to Jismilatif or nafsi ari or wandering body and napi muqim or Jismikasif or the stationary bodies. *

Thus we see from the above short but succinct survey that in essentials as well as in externals Hinduism and Islam have infinite

* For further details on the subject see Dr. Bhagawan Das's book on *Unity of Religions*, published by the Theosophical Society, Madras. Dr. Das is an erudite scholar of Comparative Religions and his book deserves a perusal by all Hindus and Muslims.

points of contact and agreement. What Sri Ramakrishna realised from his personal spiritual experiences we have tried to prove from scriptural comparison. Indeed, Vivekananda was right when he once remarked to a friend privately that one single teaching or experience of Sri Ramakrishna may be made the theme of volumes, and it requires vast comparative study of different philosophies and religions to actually fathom their depth even intellectually.

Once upon a time a Rumi, an Arab, a Persian and a Turk happened to become fellow travellers. Walking made them hungry and thirsty, but they did not know one another's mother-tongues. By signs they communicated and brought out all the coins they had to purchase food. What should they buy? The Arab called out Enab, the Turk said louder still, Uzam, the Persian shouted Angur, the Rumi roared Ashtafil. Arabic Enab, Turkish Uzam, Irani Angur, Rumi Ashtafil, Pahlavi Dakh, Sanskrit Draksha all mean one and the same fruit, the very sweet grape, but as they could not understand each other their faces frowned, eyes reddened, fists clenched and blows began. An itinerant fruit-vendor who knew some words of many tongues was passing along. He understood the matter and rushed in between them and placed before them his basket-full of grapes, and at once the fists unclenched, voices sweetened, eyes softened, faces smiled. Such is the pitiable plight of the Hindus and the Muslims in India. Leaving aside the spirit we are foolishly clinging to the petty and the paltry and bringing chaos in the country. In China when strangers meet it is the custom for each to ask the other, 'To what sublime religion do you belong?' The first is perhaps a Confucian, the second a Taoist and the third a disciple of the Buddha. Each then begins a panegyric on the religion not his own, after which they repeat in chorus, "Religions are many, reason is one, we are all brothers." May this spirit of tolerance, nay of universal acceptance, come over us and knit the hearts of Muslims and Hindus in eternal bond of love and brotherhood! May the soul of Sri Ramakrishna, who was the living symbol of Hindu-Muslim unity, obliterate the menace of communalism from the face of India and unite Islam and Hinduism for good on the basis of identity and unity!

Indrajit.

BY R. RAMACHANDRAN, M. A.

IT is a singularly happy coincidence that the *Adikavi* should have found his deepest utterance and his greatest imaginative creation in the epic; for, an epic alone could have offered a sufficiently vast canvas for Valmiki's overflowing creative mood. It is the noblest of all literary forms and the most comprehensive one. In every nation it has marked the highest standard of achievement of the human mind. Its legitimate scope is not merely particular phenomena or a single phase of human life but the whole of the universe. In one mighty sweep it embraces the ambitions and ideals of a whole race, blending the human and the divine, the secular and the religious, in one supreme crystallised product of literary art, simple majestic and profoundly significant in its conception and offering a galaxy of the most brilliant characters.

The epic action and epic interest are revealed to their greatest advantage in the *Ramayana*, where an interesting plot allows itself to be told in a perfectly lucid and straightforward narrative. This explains its greater popularity over the other sister epic, which suffers at every step from clogging diversions and labyrinthine wanderings from off the central narrative. The real epic action is brought into active and violent play by an act of outrageous injustice done to the hero by the opponent. Taking its rise on a crisis like this, the action converges, after a brief period of exciting adventure, to its thrilling climax in the great war where the hero retrieves his lost status by the defeat and death of the opponent.

The conception of a hero who is seen at his greatest in his relations with the opponent, implies a corresponding exaltation of the opponent too. And Valmiki exploits both the methods that Dandin lays down for the glorification of the hero,—the one of direct eulogy and the other that of heightening the importance of the opponent, victory over whom must redound doubly to the credit of the hero.

Curious as it may seem, it is in the camp of the opponents that we find some of the most thrilling creations of all times, Hector, Satan, Karna, Bhishma and Indrajit; all of them tower aloft in tragic proportions. In point of sheer merit, they run the heroes very close. And the tragic waste of mighty potentialities in the death of these immortal figures asks for a generous measure of poetic sympathy.

But especially in the *Ramayana* the opponent camp is worth scrutiny. With its supremely idealistic conception, and with an incarnation of the Lord, to play the role of hero, the epic-poet labours under a difficulty and has to be chary of sympathy to the opponent. He tries to conserve every ounce of admiration and sympathy for the hero, but in spite of this Himalayan disadvantage, Ravana and Indrajit come off as mighty creations.

Even in point of numbers the camp of Ravana is destitute of any heroes. His own brother Kumbhakarna, a glimpse of whose true colours and mighty valour we get when he causes a wild panic in the battle-field, labours under the curse of sleep which makes him a monstrous caricature and incapacitates him from active participation in the story. The next brother, the sole champion of virtue in Ravana's household not only *shows* a sense of virtue that dries up all milk of brotherly love, but actually joins the enemy's ranks and in some of the most crucial moments in the battle, as in the death of Indrajit, is the sole cause of destruction in his brother's camp.

Indrajit is one of the supererogations of Valmiki's genius. One of the highest aims and surest tests of all great Literature is the creation of brilliant characters. The minor forms of Literature afford all too small a canvas to contain a galaxy of immortal characters. Their scope is so limited that even a single character who has an abnormal growth and outgrows his legitimate part under the sympathetic stress of the author's imagination, wrecks the unity of the whole piece. But the epic offers ample ground for even Valmiki's fertile imagination to have free play in, and the creation of Indrajit should be attributed to an overflowing creative impulse that delights in animating even characters who have no fundamental bearing on the central plot. Both Indrajit and Vali, who spring from the same impulse, are not absolutely indispensable to the story. And hence, though Valmiki seems to restrain the lavishness of his fancy, these two characters, being freak creations of an abnormal impulse, develop into mighty characters. In fact, Vali and Indrajit mark the triumph of the artist in Valmiki over the moralist. Born of an irresistible impulse, both of them dominate the scene before the pruning shears of the moralist could subdue them; and their death only enhances the glory of the halo around them.

In the case of Indrajit especially, we witness a terribly brief, hectic and meteoric life. This young war hero, born as if in full panoply, burns like a comet, the very personification of intrepid valour. Romance and glamour cover him from the first, and the short span of his life crowded with thrilling achievements, reads like a legend and sings like a war-song.

He is a superb warrior, a man among men, of the race of Hector, Karna and the rest of the immortals, to whom there are far worse things in life than death, whose sacrifice and generosity of heart savour almost of a recklessness, and who by their very defeat and death emerge Phoenix-like with redoubled glory. They are the eternal tragic heroes whose destruction calls for all our poetic sympathy; and they suffer from no defiling trait or flaw to make us feel reconciled in the least to the justice of their destruction.

And the role of Indrajit acquires a deeper and more poignant tragic significance when we view him in relation to Ravana. It is true that Ravana commits an outrageous crime and finds the strict demands of an inexorable justice meted out to him. But he is no mere crass villain, simply delighting in evil for its own sake. He calls for a generous measure of sympathy. The moment he sees Sita he becomes the victim of a soul-devouring and over-mastering passion that prostrates him. And as he involves himself more and more in the intricate meshes, he is unable to rid himself of this single idea that has set his body and soul aflame. Yet in this swooping downward career of his, though he knows that the forces of destruction are heading against him in one terrible onslaught, he is too great ot yield. In this wild gamble to satisfy the burning ardour of his passion, he stakes everything and loses.

Hence, on grounds purely moral, it is idle to expect Ravana to relinquish Sita. If she is to be restored, it can only be on one consideration—the fear of defeat and death. But how can such a cowardly fear enter the heart of one who has been the hero of a thousand battles? With an all too poor insight into human nature and into his brother's heart, we find Vibhishana growing eloquent over justice and the superior might of Rama. In contrast to this the speech of Indrajit is pitched in a key thoroughly characteristic of his indomitable nature. He has been a splendid hero throughout, finding his most intense life in the field of battle. He has counted among his youthful exploits the defeat of Jayantha, Indra's son and the capture of Indra himself. This young Achilles, in whom the blood sings a war note and dances to a war-rhythm, has no time to give any thought to questions of morality. With a singular indifference to this aspect of the question over which Vibhishana makes so much ado in vain, he takes his stand only on this, that the very idea of restoring Sita for fear of Rama's superior numbers—an action of pale-blooded white-livered cowards—was one not to be brooked.

May be in all the speeches of Indrajit we can detect a certain kind of highfalutin, a youthful flush of boyish bravado; but what else can we expect in a warrior of his calibre?

It is very significant, therefore, that Valmiki, with a fine power of sifting, has endowed him with none of those base traits that mar the mighty character of Ravana. In spite of his valour and greatness there is something unjustifiably gross in Ravana, something coarse, elemental and savage that betrays an utter lack of fine taste and takes an unholy delight in thwarting the moral forces of the universe. This 'motiveless malignity,' born of the 'drunken delirium' of power, betrays itself in acts like the capture and imprisonment of Heaven-born damsels, who, as even he would have known, were never the equals of his own wives in point of beauty or charm.

But Indrajit presents no such Achilles heel. A real glamour enwraps him. From what we know, he should have been a wonder prince, the idol of his subjects and the very apple of his father's eye. And the real glory of immortal youth is his, who finds no place in his life for the dallyings of love and who finds far more manly and thrilling things to interest himself in than the capture of girls.

And viewed in his own legitimate sphere in the front of battle, the comet-like brilliance of his hectic career shines at its brightest before its final eclipse. His role in the great battle is unique. Not even the most fanatic protagonist of Rama can say that in both camps anyone caused more utter panic and wrought more terrific devastation than this intrepid hero. He comes like a whirlwind and like an eagle in a dovecote, flutters and routs the whole ranks of his foes. None is able to give him a fight. Thrice he comes on the battlefield and thrice it is the same story retold. And it is particularly significant once again that on two of the three occasions, it is divine aid alone (once by the coming of Garuda and next by Hanuman bringing in the Sanjeevi mountain) that undoes the havoc of Indrajit and enables Rama and his legion to offer fight once again. And it is doubly tragic that when after a strategic stunt, the killing of Maya Sita, he proceeds to perform the Nikumbila Yaga, casting a blight on the hearts of the enemies, his end is accounted for solely by the treacherous betrayal of one of his own household—Vibhishana.

But one sees an early eclipse of such a career as his. The world is never in love with, much less does it tolerate children who take on superhuman proportions; however bright they be, as they threaten to run counter to, and disturb the even tenor of human life at its normal, they are relentlessly mown down. And so it is with Indrajit in the very ecstatic heights of whose glory one detects the canker.

With the death of Indrajit, the pall is over the opponent camp. And the career of Ravana too approaches its end. Things never really mattered till there was an Indrijit to stem the rot that

seemed to be setting in. But at his passing away the mighty heart of Ravana bursts. Things are all now one to him. He is a pathetic broken-hearted father. For sheer intensity of human agony the lament of Ravana over his son is unparalleled. And when next be comes to offer battle, it is a different Ravana, with his senses all impaired, and after fighting llke a wild beast at bay, he is gathered to rest with his son.

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The events happening after this war are bereft of the jubilant air of victory; they come off with the sombre gloom of a twilight piece, an exhausted piece of ending. It is as if a monstrous shadow enwraps Vibhishana's investiture, and Rama's union with Sita. All on a sudden the world that was so brimming with life before, has grown old and sad. The success has been great but the cost at which it has been achieved is even greater. The demands of justice have been satisfied; virtue has been vindicated; but one questions whether such satisfaction and vindication can compensate the waste of so much life. Life has preyed upon life with relentless cruelty and the union of Sita with her lord is attained not only by the destruction of a whole army and a galaxy of heroes but at the expense of an equally chaste *Pathivratha*—Mandodari, now widowed and wailing over the body of her lord.

This sense of disillusionment when the war-fever has left them is shown in the mysterious gloom that invests Rama and the cold distant and even cruel manner in which he receives Sita, as if fretting and doubting inwardly if even she and the cause of justice and virtue are worth the havoc that has been wrought. And Sita's fire-ordeal is not only the best Rama could think of as a reparation for the tragic waste of war, but also Valmiki's last and noblest effort to convince the reader that a chastity like Sita's is worth as much.

And in the void thus created and the central impression of a tragic waste that is emphasised, nothing looms so large as the death of Indrajit. The inexorable laws of the universe and moral order demand the death of Ravana. And Kumbhakarna does not actively enlist our sympathy as he appears in the lurid light of a monstrous caricature and has not much to do with the story.

But the void created by Indrajit leaves an impression that is purely tragic, kindling pity and awe at the waste of such a mighty personality. And the more one dwells on the unique role of this hero—perhaps the most poignant and suggestive in the whole of the epic—the more one is strengthened in the conviction that the same superb imagination that was responsible for the creation of Achilles should have presided over the birth of Indrajit also.

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A Society of Minds.

BY GURDIAL MALLIK

CENTURIES ago a disciple of Confucius observed:—"When we have studied phenomenon, we may attain knowledge; when we have attained knowledge, we acquire goodwill; when we have acquired goodwill, the heart is chastened; when the heart is chastened, man is cultured; when man is cultured, order reigns in his family; it reigns also in his country, and when order reigns in every country, peace reigns in the world."

In these words is contained a thoroughly practical programme for establishing peace. Consequently, if the League of Nations is to achieve its ideals of international understanding and amity, it must be assisted by all those organisations which cater for the intellectual needs of the people. For, in the last analysis, the universal harmony of interests and activities rests on the *mould* of men's minds. Paul Valery was right, therefore, when he said some years ago, "The League of Nations presupposes a Society of Minds."

Now, such organisations have always existed and at no time in human history the world has been without them. But in the past they carried on their work as so many separate self-sufficient units. Perhaps, they were prevented by long distances and lack of present-day means of publicity from effecting intellectual *rapprochement*. It might be also that there was no agency to do the necessary liaison.

Things have changed since 1920. To-day we have the International Committee of Intellectual Co-operation for this purpose. For several years it has been addressing itself to the task of bringing together the savants and scientists of the various countries on a common platform through congress and *conversaztiones*. Only the other day, for instance, a brilliant "conversation" of some of the leading thinkers of the world on the future of civilisation was held under its auspices in Madrid, Spain.

The Committee has, further, to its credit several publications like *Index Bibliographicus*, an international catalogue of current bibliographies, so valuable for daily scientific work, *The State and Economic Life*, an inquiry into the national and international repercussions of State intervention in economic life, *A League of Minds*, being the hitherto unpublished letters of Salvador de Madariaga, Gilbert Murray and others, *School Text-book Revision*

and International Understanding, and *School Broadcasting and Peace*. Its greatest achievement, however, is its co-operation lately with the Chinese Government in connection with the re-organisation of public education in that sub-continent.

An idea of the other activities, equally effective, of the Committee may be had from some of the subjects on the agenda for its last meeting : the organisation of study of social and political sciences in their bearing on international relations; a draft convention on the return of works of art illicitly removed from the respective national artistic heritage, the question of various aspects of authors' rights, the establishments of close contact between the chief national administrations as regards all stages of education from the primary school to the university and from infants to adults, and the question of the intellectual role of the Press. Respecting the last item, one wishes that the Committee would draft a convention on the lines of the legislation in Roumania, where there is a provision in the criminal code to the effect that any one guilty of war propaganda is punished with one year's imprisonment. For, only some such check could help the Governments in curbing the passions of the pugnacious Press.

What will be the eventual upshot of the activities of the International Committee of Intellectual Co-operation? A nucleus for a Society of Minds, of which Paul Valery spoke, will be created. And its function will be to rally the intellectuals of the world under the "Banner of the Universal". They will form the advance guard of the Army of International Understanding and where they lead, the masses *shall* follow in due course. But, till then, as M. Mistler of France put it very poetically and pithily at the last meeting of the above Committee, "Mankind, like the earth, must reach the light by its topmost peaks."

What Homoeopathy Thinks Of Surgery.

BY P. V. AGHORAM AIYAR

IN the following pages, I shall attempt to show what Homoeopathy thinks of surgery, and how it proposes to cure many human ailments, and answer the ends of human well-being, by avoiding the drastic course of surgery in a great many cases, where as a matter of course, Allopathy has resorted to surgery. I regret that, at the time of writing, I have no work of the founder of Homoeopathy for reference. I shall, however, draw upon some of the best passages from the writings chiefly of the leading Homoeopaths of America, who have worthily followed in the footsteps of the founder.

Dr. James Taylor Kent of America, in a pertinent passage on pages 295 and 296 of the 2nd. Edition of his lectures on Homoeopathic "Materia Medica" states in the following terms: "Another thing running through Calcarea Carbonica is a pyaemic state in which there are abscesses in deep muscles. You will be astonished to see that Calcarea will take care of the abscess (when the symptoms agree) and it will not break. I have many times seen an abscess disappear when fluctuation was most positive. I have seen those abscesses disappear when pus was shown to be present by the needle. I have not only seen the abscess go away, but also the paemic state that was prior to it. Why does Calcarea favour the resorption of that fluid, and encourage the part to become Calcareous? It is more than I am able to explain, but it does it. Sometimes the periosteum is injured by a hammer, striking it through muscles, injuring or contusing the periosteum. Inflammation will set in and pus will form rapidly, and if Calcarea is indicated by the constitution of the patient, the surgeon's knife is entirely useless and a most detrimental thing. But in thinking from the old standpoint, the physician who knows nothing about the wonders of our Homoeopathic remedies would hold up his hands in horror. 'Why, if you produce a resorption of that pus into the system, you will have blood-poisoning and death.' But under Calcarea, this resorption does take place in some manner and the patient improves every moment, he stops his sweating, his rigor has disappeared, his appetite improves, he is stronger by the time it is over and remains well."

On page 355 of the same volume, Dr. Kent, makes a very emphatic protest against too frequent mechanical interference in

mid-wifery cases: "Now-a-days we hear so much about this meddlesome mid-wifery, this curetting, and doing this and that and the other thing, that it makes a homoeopathic physician disgusted; just as if those parts were not made by nature, and could not take care of themselves; as if they must be swabbed out and syringed out. These injections and bi-chlorides etc. to keep the germs out of a woman are all nonsense. If a state of order is maintained, there will be no germs. A homoeopathic physician can manage hundreds of these cases and have no trouble. If he sees clearly beforehand what remedies the woman needs, there will be no bad cases; they will all take care of themselves. Irregular contractions that bring on abnormal conditions are all avoided if the woman is turned into order before she goes into confinement."

On page 307 of the same volume, Dr. Kent speaks of the cure of nasal polypi by internal doses of Homoeopathic medicine. He refers there to Calcarea Carbonica as having the power to cure polypi. It may be borne in mind here, that Calcarea is not the only drug that will cure nasal polypi; many other drugs in Homoeopathy cure it; nor is Calcarea considered to cure only nasal polypi. Uterine polypi can as well be cured by Calcarea or any of the other remedies that may be indicated by the symptoms of any case. Here is the passage from Kent: "The patient needs Calcarea. There is no doubt about it in the physician's mind, as he studies the symptoms of the patient. He prescribes for him and sends him away. After three or four weeks, the patient comes back with a gelatinous looking tough thing on a handkerchief, and says, 'Doctor, look there at what came out of my nose. Do you suppose your medicine had anything to do with that?' Perhaps you did not know he had polypus, your prescription cannot be different if he had polypi in the nose, and you cannot by any process of torsion remove it before you prescribe, so you will have to leave that torsion to those that do not know about Homoeopathy. The examination is not so important, as it is to those who prescribe for the polypi and forget about the patient. Affections of the bones of the nose, catarrhs go on so long and they are so deep-seated, that the bones of the nose and cartilage of the nose are infiltrated and they break down; then operators cut out bones, remove cartilage, and perform operations too numerous to mention, and every one must have the same operation; but in order for him to be cured, he must even after that go to a homoeopathic physician. He should first be cured, and then if there is anything to be removed, let him be operated on."

Appendicitis is considered a case for surgery. The most notable case in recent years is that of Gandhiji suffering from

Appendicitis in the Yerrawada Jail. Arnica is one of the remedies used in Homoeopathy for curing Appendicitis. Dr. Kent makes the following statement on page 143 of the same volume: "Do not forget the symptoms of Arnica in Appendicitis. You do not need to run for the surgeon in every case of Appendicitis if you know Bryonia, Rhus Tox, Belladona, Arnica and similar remedies. The homoeopathic remedy will cure these cases, and if you know it, you need never run after the surgeon in Appendicitis except in recurrent attacks. If you do not know your remedies, you will succumb to the prevailing notion, that it is necessary to open the abdomen and remove the appendix. It is only deplorable ignorance that causes appendicitis to be surrendered to the surgeon's knife."

Likewise, speaking of the power of Baptisia to cure Appendicitis, Dr. Kent on page 195 of the same volume observes as follows: "Great soreness in the right iliac fossa; so sore and so tender, no bigger than a fist, but all of this putridity, I am sure, would prevent you from using a knife to cut off that little appendix."

Dr. E. B. Nash of New York cured a case of Appendicitis with Colchicum Autumnale. Here is the Doctor's amusing reference to it, occuring on page 409 of his book called "Leaders in Homoeopathic Therapeutics." "I have also cured a very severe case of Typhlitis (now called Appendicitis, for which they so often operate with more deaths than were ever known before the operation became popular) on the same symptom of great nausea and faintness from the smell of food cooking."

Dr. E. A. Farrington, M. D. of America on page 503 of his "Materia Medica" observes: "Many have a strong temptation to excise the tonsils, but this is not good practice, for you can often cure this trouble by internal medication. In some cases, this enlargement of tonsils may be looked upon as a forerunner of tuberculosis." Dr. Kent who cured many cases of enlarged tonsils by internal medication alone, observes however, on page 201 of his "Materia Medica": "Two or three times I have absolutely failed to cure with remedies selected to the best of my ability, and they have gone to the surgeon, and he has cut them off; but I believe these tonsils ought to be all cured. One thing in Homoeopathy taught in Hahneman's "Organon" is that unless there are symptoms to indicate the remedy, no great things should be expected from the administration of the remedy. The enlargement of the tonsils alone is not a symptom, on which a remedy can be selected, and it necessitates guessing a dozen times and perhaps not hitting at all. That is the worst of practice. We must always regret that the surgeon must come in, for in

cutting off anything it may be done to the constitutional detriment of the patient."

Dr. Constantine Herring, M. D. of America says: " To call a carbuncle a surgical disease is the greatest absurdity. An incision is always injurious and often fatal. A case has never been lost under the right kind of treatment and it should always be treated by internal medicine only. "

Dr. N. M. Chowdri of Calcutta mentions a case that was cured by him with the remedy called Anthracinum. I make no apology for quoting the passage from the author's study on "Materia Medica", 1st. edition, page 397. "Anthracinum is the homoeopath's knife that helps him to tide over many a difficult case called surgical. Remedies like this have established the superiority of Homoeopathy, over the modern scientific surgical system of treatment, especially in those cases that out-ride the fast up-to-date inventions of surgery. Cases of carbuncles, malignant pustules, septic wounds, gangrenous degenerations, where the most up-to-date surgeon feels his limitation, have been cured without number by the administration of this remedy. I saved a man's arm from amputation. His troubles started with an ordinary felon. Alarming symptoms very soon made their appearance, and his whole hand from the elbow joint to the finger tip became one huge mass of swelling. Amputation they thought was the only thing that might possibly save the man's life. Under the action of Anthracinum, in an incredibly short time, the swelling got dispersed, the pains vanished, the sloughing stopped and he became his old self again minus the loss of half his big finger which sloughed off before he came to the homoeopath."

Dr. Nash of New York once cured a case of four or five abscesses in and around the knee joint of a boy eight years of age. The story is told by the Doctor on page 282 of his " Leaders ": "The ulceration had also attacked the tibia, which was half eaten off, so that the ragged necrosed bone protruded through the surface plainly in sight. The little fellow was greatly emaciated, had no appetite, and was pale as a corpse. I told the mother that I thought this was a case for the surgeon, but I would try to get him in better condition for the operation. I put him on the 1st. Trituration of Calcarea Hypophosphorica—a grain a day, called in a week and found a great change for the better. The mother exclaimed as I came in: 'Ah! Doctor, the boy is eating us out of house and home'. Under the continued use of the remedy, he made a complete and rapid recovery, except that the tibia was a little bent."

A case of uterine fibroid was treated by Dr. Nash with Lapis Albus, and he tells the story on pages 422 and 423 of his 'Leaders':

" She had a very large fibroid. Under various remedies she grew worse, having haemorrages, frequently repeated, so profuse, that it seemed as if she would bleed to death. After the bleeding had gone on for months, the discharge became black and horribly offensive, and the os had a decidedly rough feel to the finger. Finally she began to complain of intense burning pains all through the diseased parts. Under the action of Lapis Alba she began to improve immediately, and from the half-dead wreck that could not turn in bed without help, a skeleton, white as a ghost, she has steadily improved until she is doing her own housework, the discharges having all ceased except her natural menses at her regular periods. "

Dr. A. Pullford, M. D. of America, writing in 1931 March number of "Homoeopathic Recorder," under the title of "Personal experiences with Homoeopathy in obstetrics " mentions many cases of labour easily managed by him by the timely administration of Homoeopathic remedies, indicated by the occasion. The learned Doctor says : " We have never owned nor applied a pair of either delivery or placental forceps nor have we met with any of the above enumerated horrors." Again : " During labour, if everything is natural, we never interfere ; if the pains are not natural, we apply the indicated, not simply a remedy to ease the pains, but a remedy to increase the force of the expulsive powers. We believe in hot water during labour, as hot as can possibly be borne, and above all plenty of time, for to these two virtues, we owe the credit of having very few tears. " " After everything has come away, provided no other remedy is indicated, we invariably gave a single dose of Arnica as a pr ventive of septic conditions arising and to prevent any excessive soreness from pressure and more or less mechanical abrasion of the mucus surfaces, during the passage of the child. After three days again, provided no other remedy is indicated, we gave a single dose of Nux Vomica to right the irregularities arising from the disturbed functions. Very few of our patients had to have further measures, and all made record recoveries. When it comes to obstetrics, give me Homoeopathy, and you may have all the rest. Homoeopathy is woman's choicest gift from *Heaven.* "

I shall go back to Dr. Kent again. In Chapter V of his lectures on Homœopathic philosophy, Dr. Kent tries to evaluate surgery. He asks us " to render unto Cæsar the things that are due to Cæsar, but to render unto God the things that are due to God ". I shall give the main substance of what he says in his own words. " One who is sick in vital force needs a physician. He who has a lacerated wound or a broken bone, or deformities has need of a surgeon. If his tooth must come out, he must have a surgeon

dentist. What would be thought of a man who, on being sent for a surgeon to set up an injured man's bones, should go for a carpenter to mend the roof of the man's house? If the man's house alone needs mending, then he needs a carpenter and not a surgeon. It is folly to give medicine for a lacerated wound, to attempt to close up a deep wound, with a dose of a remedy. Injuries from knives, hooks, etc., affect the house the man lives in, and must be attended to by the surgeon. When the gross exterior conditions which are brought on from exterior causes are complicated with the interior man, then medicine is required. If the physician acts also as a surgeon, he must know when he is to perform his functions as a surgeon, and when he must keep back as a surgeon. He should sew up a wound, but not burn out an ulcer, with nitrate of silver. When signs and symptoms are present, the physician is needed, as they come from the interior to the exterior.

"But if his condition is brought on only from external causes, the physician must delay action and let the surgeon do his work. Yet we see physicians bombard the house the man lives in, and have no idea of treating the man. If a fang of an old tooth causes headache day and night, that cause must be removed. To prescribe when a splinter is pressing on a nerve and leave the splinter it would be foolishness and criminal negligence. The aim should be to discriminate and remove external causes and turn into order internal causes."

Dr. Kent, dealing with the remedies Hypericum and Ledum Palustre in his 'Materia Medica' has a great deal that is useful, to tell of Homoeopathic remedies in the treatment of wounds and injuries. "The surgery of Homoeopathy largely involves the use of Arnica, Rhus Tox, Ledum, Staphisagria, Calcarea and Hypericum. For the bruised, 'black and blue' sore appearance and sensation, Arnica comes into use; but for the strains of muscles and tendons Arnica proves insufficient, and a thorough study of Rhus will show that remedy is suitable for the resultant weakness of tendons and muscles, and the bruised rheumatic feelings that come on in every storm, and often wear off on continued motion. For the final weakness that persists even after Rhus, we need Calcarea Carb. Hypericum is only a minor remedy for bruised and strained tendons and muscles. It goes into a different class of complaints. Hypericum and Ledum run close together. They come together for consideration when an injury to a nerve has taken on inflamatory action.

Again, for bruises of bone, cartilages, tendons, insertion of tendons, bruises about cartilages and about joints, Ruta is a better remedy than any other. If a horse picks up a nail, pull it out and

give him a dose of Ledum ; there will never be trouble, he will not have lock jaw. These punctured wounds, rat bites, cat bites etc. are all made safe by Ledum. We will have no trouble, if we can give it at once.

" If you have a clear cut or incised wound made with a sharp instrument, or if you have made such an opening with your knife while practising surgery, if you have opened the abdominal cavity and the walls of the abdomen take on an unhealthy look, and there are stinging burning pains, Staphisagria is the remedy that will make granulation come immediately. It is also a wonderfully useful remedy where the sphincter stretchers have been. Staphisagria is the natural antidote to stretching.

"After a surgical operation, where there has been much cutting, a great deal of prostration, oozing of blood, almost cold breath, if you use Strontiana Carb, you will relieve the congestion all over the body, the patient gets warm and has a comfortable night. Lastly, we sometimes have to antidote chloroform, which we do with phosphorus.—"

The Physical Reality.*

THE STORY OF MAYA—MANASA

BY SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI

King Manasa :—Off with this calvary of *Samsara* (existence) —this hydra-headed phantasmagoria of endless cares and anxieties—this painted pomp of names and forms imagined in the pure Atman,—the *One* reality.

Queen Maya :—Verily, my lord, the Atman is the One Reality, but like the flame that self-contains the oil and wick, it contains the world and life as well. The whole world is a manifestation of its conscious energy. Everything is the self-becoming of that One Reality. It is the material, the basis, the content of the world. All creatures, all things seen are its self-multiplicity. If the gold is real, how can the jewel be a mirage ? The manifest universe is the physical reality of the Brahman.

Manasa :—" Jagan mitya—Anityam—asukam lokam ," declare the sacred texts. Life ripes and rots.

Maya :—That is a half-truth, my lord, seen from the twilight of mental obscurity. The integral truth realised from a higher plane of consciousness from the plane of pure knowledge shall read thy " *nothing but Brahman* " in the light of " *all is Brahman* ". The richer contents of the original Veda-Vedanta reveal the one essence with its manifold becomings. The soul has two progresses, my lord, the subjective as well as the objective.

Manasa :—Off with you, half-materialism ! A prick, a hiccup, a stumble, a fall at every moment betrays the uncertainty of this illusive existence—this dreamy theatrical of birth, disease, old age, cares and death. Escape from this meaningless miserable tangle, from this ever-multiplying relativity into the One Reality of the pure eternal knowledge is the one way of everlasting bliss. *Renunciation...............*

Maya :—Renunciation is not the sole path of knowledge, nor the acceptance of physical life an act of ignorance. One can move in the active world just as a boat moves upon the ocean. The intellectual conclusion that denies the physical reality has disturbed the integral progress of humanity towards a divine existence in the cosmic consciousness where the spirit and matter become real to each other. The rope of the illusionist has been more poisonous than the snake ; this general misconception of

* This story illustrates the first principle of Sri Aurobindo's synthetic philosophy.

existence by the deluded mentality, this craving for life-extinction, ascetic withdrawal, this spiritual maya has, more than the material maya of the pure pragmatist, stood in the way of the progressive soul of the collective man. It has endlessly postponed the hope of a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Silent, inactive, self-enjoying, passive peace is not the acme of the soul's attainment. my lord, it is an abortion of delight. From the silence proceeds the manifest universe. The inner attainments, the peace, calmness, delight, of the soul must be brought down to tranform this external reality of existence into a heaven of beauty, peace and endless joy—this is the dynamic purpose of life, my lord! Not rejection, withdrawal or inactivity, but acceptance, enjoyment and dynamic expansion of life in spiritual consciousness is the integral fulfilment of life. Transformation of the human into the Divine, manifestation of the God in humanity, of the Narayana in the Nara, and establishment of the immortal's Ananda in the active universal existence is the fond hope of the prophets who have sanctified our soil.

Manasa ;—There you talk of the impossiblity ; there you try to link the world with heaven, bondage with freedom, matter with the spirit, man with God...... that cannot be. The world is a painful pass-away dream. All arguments against this are the tempting words of maya. O maya of a wife, child, wealth and kingdom, I shall cut thy golden bondage anon! To-day I abdicate this crown of golden thorns, this poisoned pleasure of a royal life. See I escape from this house of fire into the golden peace of a deep sylvan solitude.........! Ah, liberation where are thy charms?—Not *here* at least......!

Maya :—The hour of the anchorite is gone, my lord!

In a fit of ascetic fanaticism King Manasa denied his home and empire and retired into the lonely heart of the *Mayaranyam.*

II

Cradled in the verdant beauty of the forest glade we see scattered here and there a few hermitages. Along with the message of the mumbling brook near by, the perfumed tranquillity of the lonely atmosphere vibrates with chantings from Sankara's *Vivekachudamani.* The turns of time, the difference of seasons, the winter's cold and summer's heat seem to effect no change in the mind of its inhabitants engaged severally in stripping the mind from the body-consciousness by hard penances.

Amidst them, in a low cottage of the draba-grass, we see an anchorite of royal mien half naked, sitting upon a tiger skin, sometimes muttering a few stanzas from Sankara, sometimes musing quietly, sometimes bursting into rage against the tameless

vagabond mental emotions rebelling against all mortifications of the flesh. He is King Manasa denuded of his royal robes, living by the forest fruits or scanty meals that charity brings by chance. We see him often rigorously repudiating the obstinate demands of the repugnant wandering mind. "You mischievous imp, drunken with the worldly *maya*, why do you drag me often to the pleasures renounced for good? You make this sylvan home of freedom worse than the hell of *samsara* by living always in remembrance of the past life. You bundle of thoughts, why makest thou my rosy peace here a thorny bush of past impressions? Is not this humble sylvan cottage a sufficient abode of innocent peace? Why do you dwell yet in that envious court? Is not this simple fare that the Unseen One gives enough to keep body and soul together? Why do you crave for royal feasts? Do you want yet a couch of the cygnet's down wretched dying frame? O, restless vital, why do you raise storms in my still heart? O, *Maya*, haunting even my sleep, you have made my life here a restless dream of the past. O wanderer, mind, enemy of my peace, you jail-bird of *Samsara*, won't you keep quiet? Ah, peace, peace, where art Thou? Not even *here*?" Thus tormenting at last he earnestly prayed to God for a Guru.

III

To-day the civil war rages wild among the manas, intellect will and *Ahankar*, and with all the force of his emotion he commands these *illusory modifications* of the Atman to quiet themselves. They become all the more rebellious. In desperate dejection he began to repent the *mockery* of his sanyasa, stale, flat weary, unprofitable, when an effulgent middle-aged sanyasin, clad in orange-coloured robes, with sacred ashes shining on his broad forehead, made his appearance. Attracted by the *Brahmatejas* shining in his eyes and the inner freedom smiling on his lips, Manasa greeted him with high reverence and treated him to a repast of fruits plucked from the trees overhanging his hut. In the course of a conversation Manasa gave a moving account of himself and eagerly enquired:

"Master, what shall give me utter freedom?"

Sage:—Utter renunciation.

Manasa:—O, my Master, Thou knowest the bold romance of my renunciation of my rich kingdom, beautiful wife, loving children, and proud royal honour. Here I have endured the freaks and frowns of nature renouncing all bodily convenience. What else shall I do?

Sage:—Your renunciation is not complete. Renounce!

Manasa :—O, Thou art referring to this hut. See here I happily burn it. See here I actually break to pieces all the pots with me. Is not my renunciation complete yet ?

Sage :—Far from it. Renounce yet !

Manasa :—Is it because I wear this cloth, possess this skin ? Here I tear away both. Now ?

Sage : —No, you have not yet renounced.

Manasa :—Only my body remains yet ; verily, this is a bonny bondage ; this must be kicked off. I shall kill this body and free myself. See, I drown this to death in yon turbulent river which is calling me to eternal freedom. Here I go with Thy blessings !

* * * * *

Manasa was about to drown himself in the river, when the wise sage prevented him and brought him to the cottage again.

IV

Sage :—What can you gain by killing the body ?

Manasa :—Why liberation,—how else can I gain it ?

Sage :—By Renunciation.

Manasa :—O, my Master, thou mockest at me. Thou directest me to renounce and while I do it......

Sage :—This is not renunciation. If you renounce the body another body of Karma comes. This body is a temple of the Divine ; you who have sought to mortify it, can you make a living image like that ? Fie upon you, life-killer ! By killing this body you seek to please the soul. By pulling down ruthlessly his temple you try to please the Almighty—! Whose is this wonderful house of seven-fold turrets ranging from the Asat (matter) to Truth—conscious--bliss (*Sat-chit-ananda*). It is His whom we call Brahman, Purushottama, the Divine, the all in all, whose supreme conscious force plays as the universe. How dare you pull down this sacred pedestal upon which God stands ?

Manasa :—Then how shall I effect my *last* renunciation ?

Sage :—Have you effected your *first* renunciation ?

Mansa :—Have I not abdicated my Crown ?

Sage :—No, you have physically done it, but your mind groans under the weight of a heavier Crown. Does it not often dwell upon your kingdom, your subjects, your wife Maya.........?

Manasa :—Yes, but I have left my wife and children and a royal life.

Sage —Never, your wife is here in you *chitta*. There you are steeped in a green study. She haunts your dreams and so do your children and royal life. Tell me, truly, how often do you think of her in some form or other ?

Manasa:—Yes, yes, I cannot deny the truth before thee. O, my Guru, my mind constantly goes to my wife, empire and royal luxury.

Sage:—Often—why you live mentally practically in your *Manasapuri* with your wife Maya, and your body alone lives here.

Manasa:—True, O Sage. This frame alone lives here; the mind is there.

Sage:—Suppose you were a mind without this body which you just now sought to kill. Where would you live then?

Manasa:—There in the Samsara.

Sage:—Therefore, who lives in the Samsara and in bondage?

Manasa:—The Mind, O Master, not the physical.

Sage:—So, where is bondage?

Manasa:—In the mind, Master.

Sage:—Where then is freedom?

Manasa:—In the Mind.

Sage—Are you convinced of this—the mind in its own place can make a heaven of hell and hell of heaven, a Samsara of a hermitage and a hermitage of Samsara.

Manasa:—Then, is it possible to enjoy liberation with this body in this world.

Sage:—Yes; to live here like a *jivan mukta*, to act in the world unattached is the way of freedom.

Manasa:—To act in this phantom world—in this dream of fear and misery?

Sage:—Off with this illusion of the delusive divided mentality. Mind is but a mental reflection of the Supreme Knowledge. Was not the world there before you and your mind?

Manasa:—Yes, but they call it the ineffable Maya—emptiness, a mirage, a snake in the rope and say that the seer must keep himself free from the delusion of the seen.

Sage:—None has been able to fathom the secret of this Maya, which defeats all intellectual researches. Maya is wrongly interpreted as illusion. Maya is *Maya's* bliss of existence. It is the conscious force *Chit Shakti* of the *Para Brahman* and through that conscious energy the One plays as the many. It is not a snake in the rope, but it is the wriggling movement of the snake itself. It is not void. There must be a rope to imagine in it a snake. There must be previous subconscious impressions to produce dreams, fire to produce smoke, and sun's heat to produce the mirage. O, son of Reality, Mahamaya is the Divine's self unfolding and manifolding aspect. She is His manifesting energy, His active part. He is the Purusha and She is the Prakriti. He is the seed and she the matrix. She acts, organises, labours and

fulfils his purpose to utter perfection.—(*mayadyakshena prakrithi suyate cha characharam*) She is His sole executive force.

Manasa:—Jai, Maha Maya! Then, O Sage, what is the purpose of the Divine through His *Chitshakti*?

Sage:—Endless self-expansion through the endless play of his delightful Nature is His purpose. He plays the manifest universe from the inconscient to the all, conscient spirit. Through the Prakriti, Nature, Maya He plays, embracing all in His self, and nature works through the three-fold modes (Gunas) in all. Nature, the universal Mother, works through eternity, to fulfill Her Lord's will. What we call the past, present and the future is a triple unity of the eternity, one eternal present extended from the past and extending into the future. Our births and rebirths are inevitable processes for Her progressive labour of evolution. You are a conscious force, a spirit progressing on to the highest height of perfection in the integral realisation of the *Satchidananda* within and in life. O Manasa, how did you dare to sweep away this progressive life by the sheer ignorance of your divided mentality?

Manasa: I feel my folly, Master. Pray tell me about the soul's evolution to perfect peace and freedom.

Sage: Consciousness sleeps unmanifest in the dull matter. In the tree it begins to manifest; the animal is sub-conscient. They have simple consciousness and live for themselves a life of the senses. But man alone is self-conscious. It is Nature's divine purpose to raise man to superconsciousness. Man is the present height of Nature's evolution which is going on with its uphill task of fulfilling human existence in the divine consciousness. The chain of evolution from the lethargic matter to life, from life to mind drags behind it centuries of time. This is the evolution of the mind into the supermind, which is the golden link between the lower existence in the mental ego and the higher existence in divine consciousness, in which everything can be seen as the play of the one Truth-Knowledge-Delight. There man can live a divinised existence in the world.

Manasa—O Master, Thou revealest marvellous things! Then tell me what to know, how to live, how to love and how to work in the world.

Sage: Hear me, know you must, the *self* in you, the God in all the lives and with this self-consciousness embrace your wider you. You can find yourself all that is and all that is shall be in you. Live you must but live in God as God's own instrument for the fulfilment of the divine in you. Love is centred in the soul; the vital love is only its reflection. Find out that Love,

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the All-love, the beloved in all and enjoy his play in existence! See the world as His *Lila.* Work as God's worker following His will in you for the establishment of His kingdom of Peace, Bliss and Beauty here. The world is God's temple, the play garden of His conscious force—an eternal Rasalila. It is a visible manifestation of His Ananda, a grand edifice of His glorious skill. He is a tireless player. His plots and scenes, acts and gestures do change, but his play goes on in the endless theatre of existence. He plays all his creatures to Himself. This universal Drama of Evolution leads life through marvellous, multifarious scenes, from clod to plant, from plant to worm, from worm to beast, from beast to man and from man to God. He is seated in every heart. Life in him is delight. Such a life is not a dream, a mirage, a miserable phantom. It seems so to the divided mentality for man has not yet embraced existence as an act in God's universal play. All that is, emanates from His Ananda, has its being in His Ananda and enters into His Ananda. Knowing this you can live in the active relative world the life divine. All life is a yoga of the Divine done in you by His supreme Nature.

Manasa: O, my Maya, my beloved Maya thou didst speak to me this, this, the same truth. O, I have realised thy truth now. Were you but before me now.........

Sage: What would you,.........

Manasa: I would confess my mental folly and embrance her in my soul's true joy.

Sage: Have that joy here, now, see your Maya.

The Sage was no other than Maya. The ascetic disguise fell down and Queen Maya stood before Manasa.

Manasa: "O, invulnerable Maya, thy truth has won an integral victory! Thou hast saved me and given me life, light, joy and truth. Let that joy and Truth hold the sceptre of monarchy again."

* * * * *

We again see Manasa with Maya sitting upon the throne of royalty, now like a Janaka.

Swami Vivekananda in Benares.

BY SRI MAHENDRANATH DUTTA

[This is the first of a new series of articles compiled by Swami Jagadiswarananda from the original Bengali of Sri Mahendranath Dutta, the brother of the Swami, and is translated for the first time specially for ***The Scholar***. "Swami Vivekananda in London" was another series from the Bengali memoirs of Mr. Dutta which appeared in ***The Scholar*** recently.—*Ed.*]

"HIS name, his associations, his place, the persons he talked with, the things he touched are all sacred to me as they belong to my Beloved. I live, move and have my being, and I talk and smile, because my Lord is pleased with it. I cannot be miserable because He never likes it. Even if any misery comes I must rejoice, as it is a special gift from my Beloved. It is not the "I" of the body that suffers, but the "I" of the most Beloved. I cannot hate others because he never hates them. It is for His sake that my mind spontaneously flows towards others; every creature on earth belongs to Him; I am His; so are they mine. He is my Lord, my Master, the very pupil of my eye; the smile on my lips, the very blood that courses through my veins, the heart of my heart, the very pith and marrow of my bones; I am His, entirely, absolutely."

Benares, the holy city and hoary seat of Hindu learning and religion, was intimately connected with the life of Vivekananda as with most of the saints and sages of the sacred land of Hindusthan. His birth too is associated with the mysteries and memories of Benares. His mother remained without an issue for a long time and wrote to an old aunt in Benares to make necessary offerings and prayers to Visveswara Shiva that a son might be born to her. The aunt did accordingly. Vivekananda's mother spent her days in fasting and meditation, her whole soul given over to constant recollections, her entire heart fixed in love on Lord Shiva. The prayers were answered. One night she had a vivid dream. She had spent the day in the shrine, and as the evening deepened into night she fell asleep. In her dream she saw Lord Shiva arouse himself out of his transcendent meditation and take the form of a male child who was to be her son. She awoke and a joyous prayer welled up from her inmost soul, for she was confident that her long months of expectancy were over and that the vision was but an announcement that her prayers were to be fulfilled. Her faith was justified, and in due time her son was born.

Swami Vivekananda made frequent visits to Benares in his itinerant days and stayed there with Rai Pramadadas Mitra Bahadur, M. A. It was in Benares, some few years later, that he had said farewell to one, with the words: " Till that day when I fall on society like a thunderbolt I shall visit this place no more ." Again in 1902, the last year of his earthly existence, he went on a pilgrimage to Benares. It was, indeed, a fit end to all the world-wide wanderings of his life. This time he was accompanied by Mr. K. Okakura, the famous savant of Japan and the author of *The Ideals of the East.* Mr. Okakura had come to invite Swamiji to preside over a Parliament of Religions which he wanted to organise in Japan. He had complied with his request but could not keep his promise, being snatched away by the cruel hand of death a few months later. Here in Benares Vivekananda made intimate acqaintance with Swami Vaskarananda, Traibuja Swami and other spiritual giants. Once Vaskaranand had a very interesting talk with Vivekananda. The former said: ' Man, or rather a monk, can renounce women but never wealth or money ." To this the latter protested saying: " A sadhu can renounce money too. I have seen such a man who could not even touch money. At the contact of a coin his body and his limbs used to contort. Even during sleep, not to speak of the waking condition, his breath used to be choked if anybody had kept a piece of coin under his bed without his knowledge. He is no other than my illiterate Master, Sri Ramakrishna ." Vaskarananda loved Vivekananda so much that afterwards he longed to see him, and talked highly of him before others.

In his last visit to Benares Swamiji put up in the "Soudhavas" belonging to Sri Kalikrishna Tagore with some of his co-disciples, and laid the foundation of the local Ramakrishna Home of Service, which is to-day the biggest charitable Sevasram in India run by Hindu monks. It has grown from a humble beginning into a full-fledged hospital with indoor wards for about 150 beds. Its phenomenal development is due to the dedicated, untiring and life-giving service of a group of the Swami's disciples. It was rightly remarked the other day by a professor of History of the Dacca University that the Ramakrishna Mission is the greatest achievement of modern Hinduism, and it is the only one of its kind in the world which has made world-wide progress. In one respect at least it has surpassed the society of the Jesuits, the largest religious organisation on earth; it is not encouraged and aided by the State at all. Had India been a free and a self-governing nation, the Ramakrishna Mission would certainly have beat the world record in organising religious activities all over the globe.

Vivekanandism is a religious dynamism, spiritual vitalism, the central gospel of which is to serve God in man. The spiritual

vision is complete when man sees the manifestation of the Divine in man. Accordingly, he exhorted his disciples to dedicate heart and soul to the service of the poor, the hungry, the sick and the illiterate. The new phase of modern Hinduism is the religion of service as lived and taught by him. One living embodiment of his doctrine is the Ramakrishna Home of Service at Benares. The workers of the institution, who are all educated monks, lived on alms in the early days, and the begging bowl was their only prop and stay. When Swamiji was there he saw one day a lean and thin boy who had come as an inpatient of the Sevasram, and he moved his heart so much that the Swami asked him to dine with him as long as he was there. If the boy were a little late some day, Swamiji would be restless and wait for him. This was one great trait of this big soul. Another was that to him it did not matter whether a work was big or small. He would exhibit as much uneasiness and restlessness in big affairs, such as relief operations in flooded and famine areas, his American work and religious propaganda, as in small things like nursing a sick man or feeding a hungry soul. His mind would be equally absorbed in the performance of great as well as small things.

Swamiji's method of spiritual initiation was extraordinary and almost superhuman. He would not whisper into the ears of his would-be disciple a *mantra* like the ordinary Gurus. He would first plunge into the deeps of super-conscious meditation and lift the disciple's mind also to a higher spiritual level. He was truly a spiritual awakener of souls, a born teacher of men. Like his Master, he could mould the minds of men into any form he liked as a potter handles soft earth to make pots to any design. He knew how to transmit spirituality by mere touch, wish or glance. Once in America, by simply shaking the hands of a friend he transformed his whole life, and the lucky gentleman became a new man after that. Religion was a tangible and concrete thing to him, and like material objects he could transmit it to others. During initiations he made his disciples understand that Religion is realisation.

The Swami used to say very often that witticism is the sign of intelligence. He could teach many things through wits and jokes. He was so child-hearted that he would bubble with laughter even for trifling things. Cheerfulness was a part of his life alternately with seriousness. He was of opinion that cheerfulness helps and hastens life's evolution. Continuous gravity straitens and weakens the nerves. If you make the string of your musical instrument too tight it will only give way. So if your mind is always highly strung, insanity will result. The problem of problems in spiritual life is to conquer Kama, and to sublimate lust

or sexual energy. That will be feasible only if one's whole Being vibrates with joy. So Swamiji condemned religosity and its accompaniments, such as moroseness, dishevelled hair, wry appearance, dirty cloth, etc. These are the signs of morbidity or suppressed or repressed lust. Sexual energy must be converted into *ojas* or spiritual energy by sublimation but never by repression. Psycho-analysis also proves that sexual repression is the root-cause of thousand and one mental and bodily troubles. That is why Vaishnava Shastras praise so much the Hladini Sakti by the propitiation of which both Bhakti and Jnana may be attained.

One day Swamiji was sitting on a bed-stead in Benares with his spiritual brother, Swami Shivanand, (the revered President of the Ramakrishna Mission who recently passed away at the ripe old age of 80). Both were cracking jokes with each other. Swamiji was then roaring with laughter like a child. One of his optical nerves was then wrecked and his sight slightly weakened. Referring to this fact he was telling his spiritual brother nearby: " Mahapurushji, I am Sukracharya, the Guru of the Daityas, who was blind of one eye, is it not ? " Though he was a grown up adult he remained a child, as it were, and his laughter was irradiating sweetness, simplicity and sincerity. Laughter often reveals the soul of a man. The great French philosopher, Henry Bergson, in his book *Laughter* gives a beautiful philosophy of laughter. In his view, laughter is a kind of social gesture to break the rigidity of mind, social and individual. To remove the rigour and monotony of spiritual life the Swami burst into loud laughter often and those around him enjoyed it very much.

One day when joke and laughter were in full swing news was brought to the Swami that the Mahant of the famous Kedarnath Temple had come to see him. The Swami at once became a different man, and his smiling face turned grave and serious, calm and commanding. It was almost impossible to realise that he had been till then in a light mood. The Mahant was duly received and the formalities of etiquette were exchanged between them. Both said *Namo Narayanaya* to each other. The Mahant spoke in his South Indian tongue, and his speech was interpreted into English by his companion, a Singalese Buddhist monk. The Swami was all attention to his esteemed visitor, and talked most respectfully and humbly with him. The Mahant said, " You are Shiva in human form who has appeared for the well-being of mankind. Nobody else can rival you in the exhibition of divine power, which you have given in Europe and America. Every Hindu, every Sannyasi should be ever grateful to you for raising the glory of Hinduism in the estimation of the civilised world. The universal truths of

Vedic religion has so splendidly been expounded by you that you have excelled Sankaracharya in this respect." When the grey-haired octogenarian monk was praising Swamiji, he remained overwhelmed with modesty and shyness like a child. The Swami finally replied with a smile: "Maharaj, whatever I have done is due to the blessings of you all and the good wishes of all friends. The Lord Himself has done His work, and I was merely an instrument in His hands. Much more can be done with the blessings of holy men like you. You are the real representative of Lord Shiva." The Mahant added: "When you were coming from Rameswaram northward people were sent with palanquin to receive you from our central monastry. But as there was a great crowd around you and you were very exhausted, it was not possible for you to accept our humble invitation. So the monks of our Math are a little aggrieved, and they have wired to me to invite you to our monastry at Benares. Be good enough to accept my humble invitation." The Swami readily agreed to his proposal and said most humbly: "Had you sent word simply I would have gladly obeyed you." Next day, the Swami went to the temple of Lord Kedarnath. The Singalese Buddhist monk put a question to the Swami, whether in all religions realised men existed. The Swami explained to him convincingly that all religions, however unscientific and unphilosophical the principles of some of them may be, have led men to Truth. The path may have been crooked and crude, but all religions are roads to Truth or God. We, therefore, should not disregard any of them at all. After meals, the Mahant showed the Swami the likeness of the previous Mahant of the temple, and then a pair of yellow robes, one round his waist and the other round his shoulder. At the request of the Mahant the Swami and the party entered the temple towards the evening and a special vesper service in honour of the guest was conducted. Stepping in the Swami lost himself in superconscious samadhi and even those with him felt the Divine Presence very palpably. When his mind came down to the normal plane the Mahant was overjoyed. Then all of them returned home with the Swami. The natural bent of the Swami's mind was towards the superconscious. Even in the hurly-burly of life in the West he used to lose himself in samadhi. While staying at the Thousand Islands Park in America he experienced such beatific vision in the midst of a discourse. He was going to describe the indescribable, the state beyond words and mind, and he was absorbed in samadhi. His Master used to say that Vivekananda was *Dhyana siddha* and the major part of his mind was ever lost in meditation.

In Benares Swamiji was under the medical treatment of a Hindu Doctor who was a Theosophist. He felt a little better by

his medical advice. But the doctor had a bad habit of talking with him in a patronising tone. He used to visit the Swami and talk with him very often. One day he was dinning into the ears of the Swami that the Theosophical Society was the only religious organisation that was doing real good to India. The Swami first paid no attention to his glib talks and tried his best to turn the talk to other directions but in vain. Lastly, when the doctor remarked in a taunting tone, "Alas, Mrs. Besant also did not come to see you? What a pity!" the Swami's countenance changed, the eyes became bright and spirited, and he bombarded the doctor in a commanding voice: "It is deplorable that we Indians have gone down to such a nadir of degradation. Slave-mentality has become so ingrained in our mind that we accept without question or scrutiny whatever is foreign. The foreigners have enslaved us in politics, economics, trade and commerce and education, but alas now we are also about to surrender to the West overlooking in blissful ignorance the spiritual treasures of our own country. Are we spiritually so bankrupt that we have to borrow even religion from others?" This silenced the Doctor and opened his eyes also.

One characteristic of the Swami was that in the same place and posture and dress he used to put on different appearances. Those who have minutely noticed his various poses in photographs will realise that it is literally true. Whatever idea dominated his mind his whole being was identified fully with that idea for the time being. He became, as it were, an embodiment of the idea. His mind was so one-pointed that it was focussed completely on one thought or idea to the exclusion of everything else. When he flew into a rage his whole body and mind would radiate that, but next moment when he laughed the slightest trace of wrath could not be found to inhere in him. In the science of music, particularly in the Hindu Sangit shastras, Raga and Ragini take forms of Gods and Goddesses and they can be visualised. In the super-human person of the Swami we saw what may be the living forms of love, simplicity, Jnana, and other divine attributes. When he talked on Bhakti his whole soul would be transformed into it and every limb of his body would drip love as it were. When he got angry with the Doctor above-mentioned he became as it were anger personified, but the next moment he laughed and joked with him as if nothing had happened prior to it.

Our Present Knowledge of Gland Products.

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L. T. C., (Hons).

I

THE gland products, generally known as the pharmaceutical by-products of the packing industry, are vitally related to the physical and mental welfare of all human beings, since they are finding ever-increasing use in the field of medicine to-day. Their production is of comparatively recent development, and has come about as the direct result of scientific research and chemical control.

Both animals and human beings possess a number of glands, some of them ductless, which exercise a great influence on the body processes by reason of their external and internal secretions. In the case of human beings, the more obvious organs and functions of the body were known long ago. For example, the physicians had understood, even before the Christian Era, the part played by the stomach, the intestines and the lungs. However, certain organs which seemed unconnected with the known body processes were discovered from time to time, although their functions could not be determined. The greatest obstacle to progress in the medical knowledge of many of these glands was the belief among the ancients that every useful organ of the body must have a definite entrance or exit, as, for example, the gall duct, which empties into the intestines.

For purposes of classification, a large number of these glands are called ductless, internally secreting or endocrine glands. The situation of these glands is not localised in groups, but instead, they are scattered through various parts of the body. For instance, in the brain cavity, there is a gland known as the Pineal body, and near it, the Pituitary gland. In the throat, astride the Adam's apple, is the Thyroid. In infancy and childhood, there is an important gland called the Thymus, situated somewhat below the Thyroid and above the heart. Just over the kidneys are the Suprarenals, which are frequently called as the Adrenals. Other glands are those of the sexual organs, the Testes and the Ovaries, which manifest profound influence on the characteristics of the human organism.

Each of the endocrine glands secretes substances exercising a particular effect upon the functioning of the body. The secretions

from the glands pass directly into the blood stream and regulate the metabolism, i. e., the internal activities and the building-up and tearing-down processes of the body. For want of a better term, products of these glands are styled as internal secretions. The effect of each internally secreting gland varies from the normal in the direction either of over-secretion or under-secretion. A typical gland having a duct and producing external secretions, may also possess the additional function of internal secretion. An example of such a gland is the Testes or the Ovary. The rather recently acquired knowledge of internal secretions from glands, both in human beings and in animals, like hogs, cattle and sheep, has had far-reaching effects, both in physiology and pathology. We have learned that the body conditions and metabolic relations that we recognise as normal, depend on delicate inter-adjustments between these secretions and that change in these inter-adjustments produces effects which we readily recognise as pathological. Through endocrinology, medical science has come to understand certain diseases much more clearly and to prescribe remedies for them. It may be questioned if there is a single branch of medical science that has remained uninfluenced by the discovery of the functions of endocrine organs. As evidence of this progress, it may be noted that never before have there been so many investigators, chemists, biologists, pathologists and clinicians engaged in one phase or another of this field. Already, the usual output of these special preparations numbers over five thousand annually.

The blood, during the course through a gland, like the Thyrodi, takes from it some of its secretion, thereby helping to preserve the normal equilibrium of the body process. If any of these glands fail to secrete, it is usually possible to make up the deficiency thus caused by feeding or injecting extracts of that particular gland. Extracts of ductless glands may be administered either to supplement deficiencies of secretion or to offset hyper-secretions of other glands.

Influence of Internal Secretions: The control exercised by internal secretions from various glands upon the development and body processes of men and animals presents a very fascinating study. While investigation has revealed only a portion of the total effect of this control, certain rather definite principles have been established. In a general way, it is clear that these internal secretions govern in some measure the orderliness of human life and the conduct and character of the individual. For example, the stature, type of face, shape of head, length of arms and legs, shape of the pelvis, quantity and formation of fat, amount and distribution of hair on the body, health and tension of the muscles,

tone of the voice, and emotional expression, are all largely determined by the flow of the internal secretions.

There are many instances from history which might be cited to show how one gland or another, when unduly enlarged or dominant, has possessed an influence upon the individual of an altogether abnormal character. The dominance of one gland or another has much to do with the creation of particular types of personality, like the Thyroid-centred types, the Pituitary-centred types and the Adrenal-centred types. For example, Ceasar and Napolean were known to be Pituitary-centred. Traits due to internal secretions are, in general, heritable, and the evolution of their functions may be detected throughout the different Phylla and Genera of animals. Paralleling other traits of temperament and character, due to internal secretions, are certain diseased tendencies and diseases themselves.

Modern research has attempted to isolate the active principles of these endocrine secretions, both for the purpose of identification and, where possible, to aid in synthetic production. Several of these principles have been isolated chemically, while quite a large number are recognised by their effects. These active principles are known as Harmones, and apparently possess functions of energizers, catalizers and stimulants or inhibitors of various sorts. Several authorities have pointed to the analogy between these Harmones and those minute substances known as Vitamins, which in recent years have been found to exercise comparable functions in the nutrition of the body. Besides minuteness of the amounts required, there are many similarities between the physiological properties of these Vitamins and those of Harmones. Indeed, Vitamins may be called harmones of extraneous origin.

A striking characteristic of these products of internal secretion is their potency; even in microscopic quantities, they produce effects. In some cases, the physiological reaction from a given dose of the harmone, as in the case of that from the medulla of the suprarenal capsule, follows immediately upon its administration. In other instances, the bodily response, as in the case of Thyroid principle and of the internal secretion of the sex glands, is much slower. It often requires years for the full development of the results of their increased or diminished action, as is well observed in Gigantism, which is ascribed to hyper-pituitary; Goiter-Hyper-Thyroid all instances in which there is either an excessive or diminished output of the harmone concerned.

In almost all cases of harmone action, it is necessary to consider not merely the harmone itself, but also the functional state of the organ or organs which are to be affected. For example, it

has been suggested that the reason the hands and feet, during the development of the disease known as Acromegaly, respond so easily aud disproportionately to the increased harmone flow from the anterior of the pituitary lies in the fact that the hands and feet are in more constant use, and therefore, respond more vigorouly to this sensitizing growth harmone. This is only an exaggerated manifestation of the normal process, and is due to the flooding of the organ with this harmone. Hard manual labour will normally itself produce marked growth responses in the hands and feet, but this response never approximates that seen in Acromegaly.

Harmones mutually influence each other's actions, either in augmentation or inhibition, when administered in an appropriate manner. For example, when Thyroid extract is injected or when the thyroid gland in the living animals is induced by electrical stimulation to pour an excess of its harmone into the blood stream, a subsequent injection of epinephrin, prepared from the suprarenal glands, will induce a very much greater and more prolonged rise of blood pressure than is seen under normal conditions.

Internal Relationship of Gland Products: Since the glands of internal secretion are functionally associated with each other, and since their harmonious operation tends towards equilibrium of the nervous and metabolic processes, health becomes the result of the action and balanced inter-relation of the specific products of harmones of the endocrine organs. One of the most fundamental phases of the subject is this physiological inter-action of the endocrine organs. Every week new discoveries are bringing more actual proof of this. It is in this field that the recent advances in our knowledge of the ductless glands are most striking. More especially, when removal of one of the endocrine organs takes place in the pre-pubertal stage, marked alterations do occur in one or more, generally several, of the remaining glands of this class. Among the remote consequences of these alterations, there may be distinct changes in the body conformation. For example, it has been long known that during pregnancy, the anterior lobe of the pituitary is abnormally large and that pregnancy and lactation cause enlargement of the thyroid gland. Recent research has made it clear that the thyroid gland, the pituitary, the adrenals and the pineal gland stand in functional relationship with the sex glands, and are consequently in a position to exert an influence on the secondary sex characteristics. This relationship is neutral in character, for it is found that the growth of the sexual glands themselves depends upon the state of development of the other endocrine organs.

It is only in consequence of the modern detailed study of these products of internal secretion that such striking correlations have been established between them and certain structural changes occuring either in the embryonic or adult state. A case in point is the manner in which all the tissues of the hand, the bones, blood vessels, muscles, connective-tissues, etc., become enlarged in unison under the influence of a sensitizing harmone derived from the anterior lobe of the pituitary. In fact, it is well established that given an adequate diet, the growth and development of perhaps all the structures of the body are dependent upon these internal secretions. In the absence of the necessary harmones, these structures cannot remain normal, but atrophy or waste away. The maintanence of the normal condition is dependent, therefore, upon a continuous, if only infinitesimal supply of a particular harmone.

No better example of such a dependence can be found than that existing between the Ovary and the Uterus. Removal of the former is inevitably followed by decrease in size and loss of normal functions of the latter. The fact is explainable on no other assumption than that a harmone secreted by the overy is carried to the uterus, the tissues of which are in some way affected by it, so that it grows to full size and maintains it throughout the period of sexual activity.

The Washerman's Wisdom

OR

(A LESSON IN REFORMATION.)

BY P. M. HARI

"THE sooner we are rid of it the better" cried the woman of the house indignantly: "What hell-hag this! There is no end to the trouble she brings or to the complaint she creates."

"But what shall we do now!" interjected the dhobi in a tone of desperate resignation tethering the donkey to her post in the dilapidated shed in the back-yard. He had just brought her home after a long and weary game of over two hours in the evening.

It was the washerman's donkey; a wanton beast verily. A she-donkey, she had all the whims and vices of her sex and the species. She was a fondling and grew into a young bolter; a lover of freedom and romance. She sometimes took delight in playing upon the weakness of her master; and when he was wrathful she would laugh aloud at him and prance off in glee. She taxed him heavily to break her to reins, and even after she became acquainted with work, she gave abundant trouble to her master on most week-days. She could be made to attend duty only by the free use of the leash and the lash; and whenever the attention of the master strayed from the former of the two instruments of discipline she made a swift and silent use of her jaws and made a summary escape startling her master with a wild glee or jocose sneer. Sometimes she would quietly find her way at dead of night into the neighbouring vegetable gardens of the villagers and make a wholesome repast of the shooting green. She would also often make a good time of the night and roll down the hamlet with reverberating rollicks and restore people to their proper senses. On holidays, when she would be out on the plains, she afforded a good evening's long exercise to the master and an afternoon sport to the merry young folk of the place to put her on the way home. The donkey was the only one of her race in the locality, and so the animal and the boys of the place took to each other cordially. But hardly a day passed without her convulsing the hamlet with some kind of exhibition of her powers of mischief.

Despite the perverse nature of the animal the washerman was loath to part with it even for a fabulous price, for she was in his eyes a precious knave and a prodigy. The donkey was the only property of the man. But she was much superior to the

members of her tribe. She could carry larger loads than any of her kind, and she was highly intelligent too. She could correctly divine the place of her master's business from the quality and quantity of the load on her back, and, if well disposed, as she sometimes felt, she would, as soon as the burden was put on her back, trot off to her destination without a word of direction from her master and await him at the proper place in extreme complascence to receive his happy compliment. The dhobi had a further important reason to be particularly attached to the animal. Men who are not blessed with progeny lavish their parental affection on pets and domestic animals. The launderer had no children, and so he brought up his donkey with all the warmth and care he would bestow on a child of his own blood. Hence the poor cleaner of clothes prized the animal highly and hung on the fantastic hope of her requiting his fondness in process of time.

The next day the washerman had to deliver the clothes of a European planter whose washing he had recently undertaken. His wayward donkey proved particularly truant that day. But nothing could shake his promise or his punctuality. So he determined to take upon himself the duty of his servant and started in the afternoon for the planter's residence.

A dark, tall, slim figure well over forty with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and a black bush of hair overgrowing his upper lips, the washerman issued out of his cramped hut attired in a clean piece of loin cloth that reached just down his knees and a huge white *mundas* (turban) perched on his head. A large buxome bundle of clothes rode on his back. Turned to something hardly more than a huge humped quadruped, he entered the crumbling old, scare-crow bazar frescoed with dust and festooned with cobwebs, when his bare-backed, bearded customers and idle acquaintances looking through the corners of their eyes began to accost him with sly enquiries about the well-being and whereabouts of his favourite servant of a donkey. Meanwhile the lean, dirty, ragged, black and brown urchins of the street that knew well the capricious nature of the donkey and the man's uncommon attachment to her sallied forth, behind him like a pack of hungry rats let loose, jumping and screaming, clapping hands, shouting and bursting into wild laughter at the self-imposed compulsory courtesy of the washerman to his fondling of a brute. They followed him some distance attempting to tug at his bundle. The poor man's blood boiled within him, and his face steamed with a horrid flush. Before crude eyes even little things assume large proportions. The self-conceit of the washerman was stung to the quick by the sport of the bazar. He felt that even the good name

that he had earned for his diligence and sagacity, nay the very reputation of his race for wisdom, was at stake. The rustic's ire and indignation were whipped up. Nevertheless he ate his gall and swaggered on. But as he proceeded cursing his star and his donkey, even the croaking crows, screaching squirrels, and creaking bamboos seemed to scold him and mock at him for his pernicious indulgence of a perverse beast. His mind began to struggle with the problem of the animal. But what was he to do ? Was he to dispose of it, exchange it for another, or purchase one more ? He could not think of separating from the animal for good. So pondering over the situation he pushed on his way with low, mumble and seething mortification.

He had to do a small uphill journey and he became not a little wearied and disgusted by the time he reached the planter's quarters. But the refreshing atmosphere and the attractive scenery of the Sahib's bungalow, together with the satisfaction of having reached his destination, brought him some relief and distilled a little cheer into him. So he straightened himself, at last, at the Sahib's threshold and was about to fling down his burden when his eyes fell upon a neatly dressed, gentle mem-sahib sitting on a cushion chair neatly furnished in a small latticed portico mantled in evergreens and hewed with variegated crotons. A couple of dogs were dosing at her feet. The lady was absorbed in reading a novel—perhaps a then recent thriller—which screened her face from him. As the lady did not notice his arrival the dhobi announced himself in a short low neigh—not borrowed from his servant but common to low class men and menials. The dogs opened their eyes and raising their heads expressed their disapproval of his intrusion in a low grumble and left him to their mistress.

The lady looked up, and calling silence to the dogs, rang up her boy. When the servant came the washerman entered on his business and finished it without much delay. But in the course of his transaction he was often attracted by the sweet voice of the pretty young lady and the exemplary conduct of the dogs that promptly obeyed every word of their kind mistress. The washerman got his charges and rounding his business with a low, long obsequious *salaam* to the mem-sahib waddled down the steps of the portico with the burden of soiled clothes on his back.

His mind was occupied with the conduct of the dogs. He wondered how such ferocious animals, as the bull-dogs' facial cut showed them to be, could become so meek, intelligent and obedient ! Contrast them with his donkey ! What a world of difference ! What a misfortune that his donkey should turn out so cranky ! Had she been as docile and servicable as the dogs of

the mem-sahib, what a paradise would he have found on earth! Why should the animal that he brought up with so much care prove so ungrateful to him? Was she possessed by the devil? How was he to exorcise her? His wand had failed; what was he to do next? How he wished his own animal had been a tithe as good as the dogs at the mem-sahib's bungalow!

With such desires rankling in his mind the dhobi was approaching the servants' quarters when he heard the sahib's head butler call him to take some of *his* clothes for washing. He stepped on the butler's verandah and received the latter's contribution to his bundle. After packing up the clothes he eagerly enquired of the servant:

"*Annai*, how do these mem-sahibs rear their dogs to make them so obedient?"

"Why," replied the butler, "the sahibs cut off their tails soon after their birth and bring them up as usual."

"And that is all?" interjected the washerman with a pensive look; and pulling the burden of clothes over his back turned his steps homeward.

"The sahibs cut off their tails; and that is all. But see how tame and obedient they are! Perhaps the tail is the root of all evil. Else why do they cut off the tail? The sahibs are very wise people. They know everything. Does not the tail of the donkey too behave like a partner in all her mischievous propensities? How she flaps her tail when she is gay and responsive, and what tortuous figures does she describe with it when she breaks into bad temper or violent pranks! How often had he noticed the play of this sinister limb when the animal used to leer at him or mock him with her foolish rolls!"

Ruminating thus, the washerman was treading the gravel path on the estate when he was roused by the spirited neigh and the tramp of the mare returning home with her master. He hastily moved aside and humbly salammed to the sahib. When the planter passed him he looked with wonder at the stately courser. And what would arrest his eyes but the curt tail of the gelding! The washerman's eyes glistened and his face lit up with a smile. He wistfully gazed at the hind part of the animal and hung on until the animal was entirely out of sight.

"Yes", he said to himself, "See the dogs and the mare! The very paragons of servants!! The tails of both are cut off." His spirit was hauled up by a new ray of light, and encouraged in his reflections the dhobi pursued his path.

The cogitations of the washerman progressed with his steps, and before he was halfway home he had hit upon the plan of

making his favourite servant as good-natured and faithful as the mem-sahib's dogs or the sahib's mare. A strange flash of confidence and delight kindled his eyes. He lifted up his head and enthusiastically footing the rest of the way soon entered the bazar with a smooth bright face. Passing through the street he stepped into an empty tailor's shop and borrowed of the maker of clothes (but here he was more a mender than a maker of clothes) his long stout scissors promising to return it on the morrow.

The washerman reached home by nightfall. Entering his hut with the aid of a small, smoky tin lamp blinking inside the house, like a forlorn vanishing star in the desolate sky besmirched with black patchy clouds, he threw down his big burden and shoved it to a corner. He then took off his mundas and flinging it on the floor with a 'Ha-Woo' of relief squatted down on it; and reclining on the inspiring bundle of soiled clothes shut his eyes and gave himself up to complete his deliberations on the ways and means of reforming his servant.

He was confirmed in his conviction that the tail of an animal was the seat of the devil. Had he not learnt how even the wild-looking dogs and the stalwart mare were made tame and faithful by lopping off this excrescence? Why should be doubt or demur then? He would cut off the donkey's tail that night and see the end of his troubles. He would work a thorough change in his notorious donkey before the day broke next. And had he not procured the instrument of reformation also? It was only a couple of moment's easy job to make a docile dog of a crude, crooked donkey. And the next morning, when the people would see his servant so mild and obedient, what will they say of his miraculous powers and his wisdom? How fortunate and famous a man he would be, and what would the mem-sahib think when his servant carried the clean clothes to the bungalow and behaved exquisitely towards him and the august mistress? What immense relief would he have! And the extent of future happiness!!!"

The washerman was lost in such reverie as this, and his wife thinking that he might be tired and taking rest kept her silence until the solitary light in the hut began to show signs of emaciation. The woman then saw that it was time to rouse him up. So while he was secretly exulting over his new lesson and the prospective felicity, he was awakened by his wife's call to dine. He stirred and came out in a strange feeling of liveliness and felt very much inclined to confide his fortune in his wife. But his strong desire to surprise every one including his partner in life held his tongue. Had she too not sometimes spoken derisively of his fondness for the impish beast?

He ate some rice and curry in an absent-minded way; and making a bed of clothes sank into it without a word to his wife. But his throbbing hopes and anxiety would not allow sleep to come between him and his secret job. So he lay awake and restless, albeit with closed eyes and listless limbs. He waited for the hour when all the world would be deeply absorbed in sleep lest the animal should bring out the neighbours by roughly announcing the operation. He should surprise the whole locality the next morning with the miraculous cure—astonish with his powers and wisdom the people that had sneered at him that evening. So he waited with a beating heart.

How unusually long and heavy the hours hang over an anxious and expectant heart; and how it desires if only they would fly off with lightning wings and usher the moment awaited. But like an overfed python they heavily drag along but do not keep clear of the way. And who has not suffered the unwonted nervous tribulations of such long moments that pass and pass but never end. But there is no help; one must wait and swallow the tedium. And so did the washerman.

At length, when all the world was profoundly still, the man got up from his bed and felt his wife lying beside him and rolled her a little to make sure that all were fast asleep. She was deep in the arms of slumber and so was insensible to his touch. The washerman, therefore, stepped out of his bed and took out the scissors he had concealed in the bundle of clothes. He then gathered some rags and took some water in a copper pot. Armed with his surgical instrument and the accessories he stole his way through the thick of the darkness into the cramped shed that filled the place of a stable for the animal. Thanks there were no doors in the hut to cry or creak on their hinges, or bolts or chains to clang on their panels!

The man slowly entered the shed and, with the aid of starlight, descried his favourite servant standing in the shed idly biting a mouthful of hay. They had not met since the afternoon that day. The animal blew her nose in hearty appreciation and welcome of her kind master and put out her long neck and face for his warm hand. The master's heart leapt up. He was suddenly caught with a tremor, but he soon composed himself. He softly approached the animal and stroked her kindly with a nervous hand. She enjoyed the caress. Having had an afternoon holiday and a hearty evening meal, she was in a lucid mood. So when the master stroked her, scrubbed her, and groomed her, and even when he reached her tail and pulled it, the animal fully indulged the master's cosseting.

Encouraged by her sweet disposition the man stepped behind her and patting on her back, haunches and legs, took out the scissors from his waist and clicked it to see if it was not quite applicable. His heart thumped, and the animal was all coquet. Yes, the animal was genial and docile ; and he would finish the operation before she could know it. He would cut at the root of the evil and confirm her present disposition.

So, fixing the point and line of division of the tail, he opened the scissors, and keeping himself at a cautious distance, projected the yawning instrument at the upper part of the tail. The animal kept quiet, and when tickled by the touch of the cold iron at the most sensitive part of the thighs, she lowered her haunches a little and also raised her tail. The man stooped down to fix the line of demarcation and adjusted the scissors with the aid of starlight. When he saw that the scissors-joint approached the line at which the tail had to be amputated, he posted himself firmly behind the animal and with stifled breath quickly pressed with all his might the finger-holes of the instrument with both his hands.

When the sharp edges of the blades sank into the flesh of the animal she yelled forth a desperate prayer, and with a sudden and frantic display of the great uplifting powers of her hind legs, dispatched the wise head of the washerman on a long circuit of cutting capers in the air !

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